

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

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SHE FOUND HIM OUT.

HOW A SPORTING GENTLEMAN WITH A CONFIDING WIFE AND AN ADMIRATION FOR THE BEAUTIES OF THE DRAMA, WAS INDUCED TO STAY HOME AT NIGHT AND LET HIS WIFE DO THE THEATRE-GOING—NEW YORK CITY.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

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STAGE WHISPERS.

"In the next issue of the 'POLICE GAZETTE,' No. 240, we shall add to the brilliant features of our journal a department of the drama, giving the public unbiased and truthful expressions of critical opinion on plays, the spicy gossip of the green-rooms, and the latest rumors of scandal going the rounds of the profession. For the true inwardness of dramatic things, watch it."

Plenty of fight talk, but nary fight since our last.

The POLICE GAZETTE may be a little naughty, but it's very nice.

The only rites of the Indians seem to be the osculatory rites administered by the missionaries.

Some little thieves go to State Prison, but the big ones go to watering places and start hotels.

BISHOP HARRIS is called a scorpion by missionary Hinnman. Correct; for there's a sting in his tale.

An actress need not be chased to have a long run. Between Virtue and Vice, indeed, it's quite vice versa.

The Boston police have given up the last murder case as "one of the things that no fellow can find out."

PHILADELPHIA critics think Anna Dickinson has a good understanding of Hamlet. Another triumph for the leg drama.

The lament of the Indian maids is heard in the land. "Give us back our missionary that he may teach us to pray"—*et cetera*.

Now the shooting begins. Jesse James is dead and relatives and friends are laying for his murderers with their little pistols.

"SCARLET HOUSE," the loose Indian maid, says that missionary didn't; and surely she ought to know what went on in her topes.

A THRILLING question for William Horace, propounded from Long a to New York: "Discommod?" And echo answers "Bigamy."

Old John Duff, the real manager of Duff's Theatre, used to sell oysters and clams. He hasn't got over it yet; and he's a shell-fish sort of an old scuzz anyhow.

Why doesn't Ned Harrigan sit down on his awful daff? The way that funny old man runs things in front of the house, is too Comique for a high-class theatre.

The papers are filling up with advertisements of prophets who want to give you "sure tips" for the spring races. Look out—they'll not only "tip," they'll tumble you.

BUNNELL needn't boast of his tattooed woman. We've had such creatures on the stage before. Most of the female variety fakes are tattooed by the lover's boot-heels, only you can't see it.

The New York managers raked in \$30,000 and over by the benefits for the Actor's Fund. Why the interest on that sum is sufficient to pay half the seraglio of each. Lucky managers! Foolish public!

MISS ANNA DICKINSON has had the bad taste to tell Manager Goodwin, of Philadelphia, that she never reads the POLICE GAZETTE because she has an idea that the editor is a "tough." We say no, Miss, no, to this misnomer.

The "sucker" fishery is going to be very extensive at Coney Island this season. The beer will have a bigger collar than ever, the hotel-keepers will put an extra ten cents on every move you make on the beach, and the waiter will not see you at all for less than fifty cents in silver—no mutilated coins taken.

You'll find the POLICE GAZETTE this week not too loud, but just loud enough. We're talking; and when we talk we don't whisper.

We'll buckle to, next week, and give the actors and managers a taste of genuine criticism with the taffy left out. We'll spoil some of the pretty faces they put on, you just wager.

"WHERE, O where are the Hebrew children?" Why make the hymnal inquiry any longer, since it has been settled that they have found their promised land in Jack Haverly's theatres and located there?

All the pugilists who are challenging the champion at a great distance, claim that there is "good stuff in them." That's probably the reason they don't want to risk having Sullivan knock it out of them.

A St. Louis editor says, after you've seen Mary Anderson play a leg part once, the romance of the old woman who lived in a shoe doesn't seem such a ridiculous impossibility after all. But should Mary kick?

The Hillsdale crew of Michigan carsemen, whose portraits we present in this issue, are worthy specimens of the athletic young men of America, and we are proud of them as national representatives across the water.

BECKER breathes freer. The Chinese bill has been killed and he can still get his washing free. What with the whitewashing of the deacons, and the laundrying of the Mongols, he should be one of the cleanest old men in the poubit.

HURRAH! the "hamfatters" have taken to murdering each other. Their slaughter house is a variety theatre in Denver, Col. Some of Tony Pastor's, Harry Miner's and the San Francisco's companies should secure "openings" there promptly.

As far as their experience goes, Englishmen find that they can do nothing with Americans but lock them up in jail. Dr. Lamson seems to have "got the hang" of things over there, however, and he may break the charm by going to the scaffold or the madhouse.

A NEW YORK theatre manager—one who presides over the finest temple of the drama in the metropolis, runs a bachelors' well, if rumor is to be credited. Big head. He uses it as a preserve for the training of artists for his stage. Oh! the refinement of art.

The devil is in the women. Here's one comes three thousand miles across the big pond to join her husband and elopes with another man the moment she sets foot on land, abandoning her two children in the streets. And she wasn't a gushing young thing, either.

SARAH BERNHARDT, that last found a father for her sixteen-year-old son. A hurried marriage service was performed between her and a brave Greek in London, on the 4th inst. Very appropriately in her case it was a skeleton service, and there was a great scandal and "rattling of dry bones" over the event.

An old fellow of Chicago named John McAuley—he must have been a sweet-scented geranium—got himself in a box the other day marked "rare flowers" and skipped to Philadelphia. He was detected when he got half way and lodged in jail. If this isn't discouraging commerce and the arts, what is it?

A FAVORITE American actress who makes the trip to Europe every summer, is remarked by the captains for her taste in husbands. She takes a new one across every time and returns with a fresh spouse the next trip. Strangely enough when she's ashore, she denies she's married. She's "all at sea" in her matrimonial relations.

The Philadelphia woman who ruined the beauty of the young girl who lived next door by showering vitriol on her from a second story window, says she intended the baptism for her husband when she had looked out. A tiny golden carboy of vitriol will probably be included in every Philadelphia bride's trousseau hereafter.

We've hit it at last. The parsons didn't begin their pranks with the good sisters until they were made aware of the world's wickedness by getting that collection of vile French pictures seized by the agents of morality and presented for their inspection. Poor parsons! While preserving the morals of other people they have sacrificed their own. That's always the way!

The Boston parsons have been attributing the burning of the Michigan steamer Golden City and the burning of a score of people, to the fact that a circus company was on board and Sunday passed without the captain calling the crew to prayers. We don't believe the Delity is so blood-thirsty and cruel as he is painted by these parsons, and we are all the more skeptical on this point because of the well-known fact that the prime quality of saint burns as well nowadays as the lowest grade of thoroughly trained sinner.

The stakeholder in a fight nowadays is in a quandary. To this question "Who is going to win?" he gets the reply, "Guess if you can and decide if you dare." We are the party who dared without guessing.

OSCAR WILDE as a three sheet poster: was not a success. "Patience," the opera of which he was the physical advertisement "petered out" shortly after he tried to boom it. Oscar hasn't legs enough to lead a "run."

And still the frisky parson emulates the butterfly and flits from flower to flower, and the flowers seem to like it, and the infantile population is improved in moral tone. There is great hope for the new generation, for it will be a generation of parsons, in a measure.

With all their faults we must admire the cowboys. They kill lawyers for fun. If they didn't what would become of us, with the colleges letting loose fresh swarms every spring? Why they would eat the country up with costs of their suits for alms and their bills of expenses in pursuing us as mendicants. The cowboys should be encouraged as a class.

We hear of express and railroad companies in the west offering rewards for the slaughter of road agents. By what authority do these corporations authorize murder? If this is right in the west it is equally right in the east, and we shall doubtless soon hear Vanderbilt offering fabulous sums for the wiping out of his rivals or Cyrus W. Field advertising for the slaughter of Hendrix.

If the man who blew up the Andre monument is wise he will not travel on the elevated road. Cyrus will get up an accident for him especially. Cyrus goes to church, you know, and like such people is on such intimate terms with the Deity, that he can take the liberty of laying the blame of any murder on Him. Look out for the man whose eyes roll up in prayer. He'll get the bulge on you sure.

The Boston Goliath still breathes his defiance to the New York David, offering to let him have a whack with his little sling while he is in red coats, mounted on bob tailed horses and chasing a pack of howling curs, have been brought up with a round turn by the farmers combining and threatening to shoot the trespassers. Good! Let the farmers hunt them. They have a right to rid their farms of foreign vermin, let it come in what form it may.

THE snobs who in their anxiety to appear like British aristocrats, have been riding over the ploughed fields on Long Island right on in red coats, mounted on bob tailed horses and chasing a pack of howling curs, have been brought up with a round turn by the farmers combining and threatening to shoot the trespassers. Good! Let the farmers hunt them. They have a right to rid their farms of foreign vermin, let it come in what form it may.

EUROPEAN travel has begun to refine our people a little too much. The snobs who make the fashion in Washington have set the rule everybody must rise when President Arthur is present, and no one must sit in his presence without his permission. Why not kneel when "Chet" rolls royally in? Let's bolt the imperial pill at once if we are to adopt the manners of Yurruip. Really, the aim of these unclean politicians and thieving contractors who call themselves the "aristocracy" are sickening.

FRANK MAYO is an actor who was born with a cold in his head. He found a part in Darry Crockett which required the nasal obligato which nature had provided for his voice, and he made a great success. He made a fortune and wasn't satisfied. He wanted to play the "legitimate." He has tried it this season and lost half his "nest egg." The people wouldn't take kindly to Hamlet, with his nose plugged. Oh, blow it, Mayo, if you will play through the nose you can't complain if you "pay through the nose."

The other night, while the congregation was gathering for a prayer meeting in the colored Baptist church, at Linden, N. J., Sam Halsey, the sexton, fell into the baptismal tank, which contained several hundred gallons of water, and was nearly drowned before he could be fished out, all the congregation taking part in the rescue. When he got out he took to his heels and made for home. He says his resignation's ready. He doesn't want to take the water route to heaven and he rather thinks he'd prefer to join the Methodist caravan that keeps to the dry land.

At last the dashing guerrilla and murder-crowned bandit, Jose Antonio, has been sent to his last account. It is impossible to sympathize with the dastard and sneak who could play the part of a friend to him in order to get an opportunity to shoot him from behind while a guest in his house. Beside such detective (I) work as this the deeds of the bloody road agent assume the glamor of glory and the radiance of chivalry. To the authorities a word. The death of one robber is not enough. When you have a robber in your hands develop half a dozen men into cowardly assassins,

SOME FUNNY BUSINESS.

Scintillations of Humor and Alleged Wit, Culled from Many Sources.

THE ladies are all very partial to marry Gold.

WHAT is good to keep old maids from despairing? Pairing.

THEY were twins. The parents christened one Kate and the other Dupli-Kate.

"Do you play poker, Mrs. Schenkwaes?" "I do; I play it on my old man's head sometimes."

SUM LIP, a Chinaman, was arrested in New York. From his name it is supposed he was a book agent.

ON seeing a house being whitewashed a small boy of three wanted to know if the house was going to be shaved.

BEFORE the w-d-ding day she was dear and he was her treasure; but afterward she became dearer and he treasurer.

AT the polls, recently, it was easy to tell the man who voted "yes" on the license question by the appearance of his "no's."

"That fellow is just like a telescope," said a dashing New York girl. "You can draw him out and look through him, and shut him up again."

JONES thinks the man is fortunate who has his will contested after death only. He says his will has been contested ever since he wedded Mrs. J.

"You are right in objecting to the principle that the child is entitled to the whole of the sidewalk, but if he wants it, you'd better let him have it."

A MAN gathering mushrooms was told that they were poisonous. "Thank you," he replied, "I am not going to eat them myself. I sell them at the hotel."

"WHAT is the action of disinfectants?" was asked of a medical student. "They smell so badly that people open the door and fresh air gets in," was the reply.

"WHAT is the name of your cat, sir?" inquired a visitor. "His name was William," said the host—"until he had it, and since then we have called him Fitz-William."

"You wouldn't take a man's last cent for a cigar, would you?" "Certainly I would," remarked the proprietor. "Well, here it is, then," passing over a cent, "give me a cigar."

THOMAS HOOD, driving in the country one day, observed a notice beside a fence "Beware of the dog." There not being any signs of a dog, Hood wrote on the board, "Ware be the dog."

AN ugly tramp tried to kiss a Chicago belle the other day, but she had the presence of mind to raise her foot, and while he was hunting a ladder to climb over it she struck the fire-alarm.

Let us never waste a day,
Let us always forward be,
Or some other duck will take
Myrtle to the matinee.

HE was sitting in the parlor with her when a rooster crowed in the yard, and leaning over he said, "Chanticleer." "I wish you would," she replied; "I'm as sleepy as I can be." He cleared.

"PA," asked Fogg's hopeful the other evening "what kind of a comb do they use to cure chickens with?" "The comb," responded Fogg, promptly. Fogg says he believes in always answering a child when you can.

AN American traveller, in Galway, saw a pig in a peasant's house, and he said, "Why do you have this pig in here?" "Shure," said he of Galway, "the house has all the conveniences that a reasonable pig requires."

"DON'T go chopping away at the branches," said an old woman to her son. "I say bar ax at the root of the tree." And like a dutiful boy he did as he was told. He laid the ax at the root of the tree, and then went off for a day's fishing.

A GENTLEMAN was talking about a popular judge to Sergeant Ballantine. "He is a very good fellow for he never says a word against anyone," observed the sergeant. "I never hear anything if he did," replied the gentleman; "for he never talks of anyone but himself."

THE world is not all sadness,
With bitter comes the sweet;
Your girl may not be handsome,
Your wife may have cold feet.
But ever comes the knowledge
That years of earnest work,
May some day make you able
To bluff a hotel clerk.

"I WISH to ask the court," said a facetious barrister, who had been called to testify as an expert, "If I am compelled to come into this case, in which I have no personal interest, and give a legal opinion for nothing?" "Yes, yes, certainly," replied the mild mannered judge, giving for what it is worth.

A HARTFORD man went to a lawyer for advice. After receiving the retaining fee the lawyer said: "State your case." "Well, sir," replied the client, "a man told me to go to—h—, and I want your advice." The attorney took down a volume of the Connecticut statutes, and after turning over some leaves, answered: "Don't you do it; the law don't compel you."

HECK lies a man whose crown was won
By blowing in him empty gun.
No sooner in the gun he blew
Than up the golden stails he flew,
And met the girl on heaven's green,
Who is the fire wife forsook.
He also saw, astride a stool,
The man who tampered with a mule.
He also saw—'twas mighty sorry—
The man who whistled "Pinafire."
And further on a horse's eye
Who dashed his powder in the stove.

DURING the recent flood in Arkansas a farmer got his family and effects in a flat boat and sailed around for a number of days after the style of Noah. Finally, having no dove on board, he strayed a demijohn on his son's back and sent him on a mission of discovery. When he returned with the demijohn full they told him that the waters were subsiding and that the cross-roads tavern was still safe.

Lives of the Poisoners.

HOW THEY KILLED AND WHAT THEY KILLED WITH.

BY A MEMBER OF THE NEW YORK BAR.

CHAPTER XXI.

LAROS, THE FAMILY POISONER.

Pennsylvania has the reputation of dealing singularly with capital crime, but there has been a remarkable remissness in the proper direction of Allen G. Laros of Northampton county, who fatally poisoned three persons, his father, mother and an old man. Latest information has been received that the murderer has married a woman in one of the Southern States, but this intelligence has led to no search for the fugitive and probably never will.

Laros deposited over four ounces of arsenic in a coffee pot from which on the evening of May 31, 1876, his father, mother, several brothers and sisters and Moses Schug, aged fifty-two years, drank. All who partook of the poisoned coffee were seized with violent pains while eating their supper and within the next two days the parents of Laros and Schug died. The others recovered because they had taken a smaller quantity of the arsenic. The alleged murderer feigned illness, claiming that he, too, had drunk some of the coffee, which was untrue.

Soon after the death of the three old people it was discovered that several hundred dollars belonging to the elder Laros and Schug had mysteriously disappeared. Young Laros began to be suspected of the murder and robbery and four days from the time he had placed the arsenic in the coffee he was arrested and imprisoned mainly on the strength of his own admission of guilt.

He had at first protested his innocence but when closely pressed for the truth he confessed that he had committed the murder and gave several persons information by which they found the money which he had stolen and buried in a yard a short distance from the residence of his parents. The murder had its inspiration in a greed for money, which the young man proposed to apply in acquiring a more thorough knowledge of the law which he was studying when not engaged in teaching school in the vicinity.

Laros' incarceration was followed by apparent epileptic fits which increased in severity and duration. An impression prevailing in the community that the attacks were feigned, several trying tests were made to arrive at his true condition. Hot iron and melted sealing wax were applied to tender parts of his body seemingly without producing the least sensation and a thumb nail several times drawn across the pupil of his eye without causing any motion of the eyeball. The physician who applied these tests was positive that Laros was not feigning epilepsy and the murderer's counsel determined, as a result of the examination, to put in a plea of epileptic insanity at the trial.

The Commonwealth showed by the testimony of two physicians who had an experience of over thirty years in the treatment of epileptic cases that the symptoms exhibited by Laros were unnatural and one of them gave it as his opinion that a man in the shadow of the gallows could go through the ordeal to which the murderer was subjected without flinching, provided it had a tendency to save him from the impending fate. The trial lasted fifteen days but the jury rendered a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree in three hours.

Shortly after the death sentence had been pronounced Gov. Hartranft designated the 13th of January, 1877, as the day for the hanging of the murderer. An appeal to the Supreme Court prevented the death warrant from being executed, but that tribunal having sustained the judgment of the Northampton county court, the Governor issued another warrant fixing the hanging on September 10, 1877.

The execution, however, did not take place owing to the fact that a commission appointed by the court to examine into the mental condition decided that he was not a fit subject for the gallows, by reason of mental imbecility. This decision was followed by the removal of Laros to the State Lunatic Hospital near Philadelphia. He did not conduct while at the institution was so inconsistent with a diseased mind that Dr. Carwen, then superintendent, who had testified for the Commonwealth at the trial of the murderer, became more fully convinced than ever that Laros was thoroughly sane.

The murderer soon tired of the hospital restraints and escaped, only to be recaptured before he had gone far and taken back to the county three years ago. He was more successful, having reached the State of Arkansas before his whereabouts were known. The State Lunatic Hospital authorities had given up all idea of securing the fugitive, when intelligence came to them that Laros, after detailing the circumstances of his crime in Arkansas, had indicated a desire to be returned to Pennsylvania for the purpose of enabling him to atone for the murder he had committed by hanging. He was accordingly brought back to that State,

but instead of being executed was again placed in the Lunatic Hospital. Early in 1881 he, in his third escape, made no particular effort to apprehend him was made. At present writing he is still at large.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE LOZENGES OF DEATH.

On the 1st of May, 1878, Josephine Lagrone and her sister, Bertina Lagrone, was tried in the Milan assizes, Italy, upon charges of murder and larceny. The public prosecutor, after the jury had been impaneled, spoke as follows: "Gentlemen, this is a most extraordinary criminal case. We shall prove to you that these two handsome prisoners are monsters of cruelty; that they enticed wealthy into their house; that they caused them to gamble there; that they administered to them a terrible new poison which utterly prostrated their nervous system; that they robbed their victims and then mercilessly put them out of the house in the most pitiful condition, causing in this manner the death of at least one person and utterly ruining the health of many others. The police of this city desire the most severe censure for not discovering months already prior to the arrest of these two sisters the horrors and crimes which they were committing within a hundred yards of the cathedral, and then we are indebted to a French detective for throwing light on the previous career of these infamous creatures."

The prosecutor then called Giovanni Aldobrandi to the witness stand. A side door opened and a young man presenting a truly pathetic appearance was led by two court officers. His face was ghastly pale. His eyes were sunken and restless. All his limbs were constantly trembling and it was evident that but for the support of the two officers he would have fallen to the ground. He spoke as follows, in a husky, trembling voice:

"Last March Luigi Gofredo and I arrived in this city from Venice. Both of us had some money. We went to the opera house. On the second evening after our arrival we took a walk. Near the cathedral we were met by two elegantly dressed women. They asked us if we would like to drink some wine with them. We went with them. I identify them positively as the two prisoners. At their house they took us into a rear building fitted up in the most sumptuous style. We took a number of bottles of wine with them. Gofredo became intoxicated. The older woman then said:

"Let me give you a lozenge that will make you sober in a minute."

"She gave him a lozenge from a casket which she drew out of her bosom. He munched it and suddenly began to act like a madman. The sisters screamed out:

"He has the delirium tremens; he will bring the police here. They will arrest all of us."

"The elder sister added: 'I will take him to the front door and let him out.'

"She let him out. I remained because I was enamored of the younger sister. She asked me to play cards with her. In a few minutes she won several hundred lire from me. Her sister re-entered the room. 'Heavens!' she exclaimed, 'I got him out of the house at last. Has he been drinking so hard?' I answered in the affirmative. Then she said: 'I want to satisfy you that my lozenges will make sober a man who has been drinking to excess try one of them yourself. It will do you good.'

"I took it and a minute later I experienced the most horrible sensations. Every nerve in my body seemed to be unstrung and to throb in the most painful manner. This sensation became every moment more excruciating. My brain began to reel. Still I did not become altogether unconscious. I heard them whisper:

"He has got enough."

"Then the elder sister searched me. She took all my money from my pocket. I was unable to move. After robbing me they dragged me to the front door and pushed me out. I fell over the inanimate form of a prostitute man. The cool night air slightly revived me. I recognized then in that man my boy two friends Gofredo. 'That I am consciousness.'"

The next witness was a policeman who found the remains of Gofredo and the still breathing form of Aldobrandi. He caused the former to be conveyed to the dead house of the Misericordia Hospital where Aldobrandi was also received and treated by Dr. Segulino, who said that he had at first believed that Aldobrandi was suffering from delirium tremens. For four days the patient had been at the point of death.

As a last remedy a pint of the strongest brandy had been administered to him, when he had revived and two days later he had told substantially the same story as on the witness stand. The doctor had communicated Aldobrandi's statement to the chief of police, who took him to the house of the Lagrone sisters, whom he arrested. The house was searched and the officers found in a square box two thirds full of lozenges. These lozenges were sent for examination to toxicologists who concurred in the opinion that they consisted principally of opium and another unknown poison, but what that poison was they were unable to say.

And now comes the most terrible passage of this strange trial. The presiding judge whispered a few words to a court officer and two minutes later an open coffin was carried into the court room. In that coffin lay the em-

balmed corpse of a young man. The presiding judge recalled the witness Aldobrandi and then ordered the corpse in the coffin to be raised.

Upon beholding it the Lagrone sisters burst into screams of terror. Aldobrandi identified the corpse as that of his poor friend Gofredo. By this time the audience was in a state of intense excitement, which was still further increased by the appearance on the witness stand of Alexander Frustro, a famous and notorious M. Frustro, to the consternation of the prisoners, gave the following evidence:

"I know the prisoners; in 1866 they lived in Paris, where they called themselves Cabotin; they kept a fashionable gambling house at 41 Rue de la Paix; they belonged to the highest class of the demi-monde. Many rich young men visited their place. One night the young Vicomte Laury-Saint-Briaux was found dead under similar circumstances as Gofredo; I discovered that they were the daughters of a steamer agent now serving a life sentence for murder at Cayenne; Suddenly M. Pietri, the prefect of police, ordered me to discontinue the investigation and he caused the two women to be released."

The prisoners were again questioned by the presiding judge but they refused to give any answer. The jury found them guilty and the court sentenced them to penal servitude for life.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AMPHITRITE'S STRATAGEM.

The Artful Trick by which a Natorial Damsel Won the Stakes in a Boat Race.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A young girl who is a famous swimmer, and who has won several swimming matches in the East River, New York, against the heaviest tides that prevail around Hell Gate, has a sporting tendency and bets her money on aquatic affairs with all the skill of a chance that would be worthy of an old hand. She has been a feature of the seaboard cities of the south for several winter seasons. She travels in the company of a shrewd and sociable gambler, who is supposed to put up his "rackets" with her artful aid. The couple have been long suspected but it has been impossible to obtain any evidence of their crookedness. At Savannah lately, they were caught, however.

They have in their company an emaciated boy-looking chap whom they call an oarsman, and who can indeed, handle the oars quite skillfully and sit in a shell with grace. They call him a champion and court matches with the best oarsmen of the places they visit. Their man in his training spins is coached by the natorial damsel who swims about his boat with the help of a morsel of a morsel. On a match race recently at Savannah, she braved the cold, plunged in the water and played all around the boats as they were coming back to the stake boat. Her champion won, his antagonist suddenly falling to the water and being rescued by the oarsman. The damsel fully. The swimming woman was seen to dive under the boat of the vanquished oarsman after her man's victory was assured and was detected trying to remove a rope which had been fastened to the shell in a dive she had made before the start. At the finish she had slipped under the prow of the boat, and by the rope and rising to the surface far in the rear, had retarded the progress of the rival oarsman by towing her dead weight for a short distance after him. The aquatic party had to leave town in haste, but they took a big "boodle" with them.

THE CURSE OF THE VOODOO.

A Remarkable Romance of New Orleans and its Tony Society.

The last of the famous De Courcy family dying in San Francisco the other day has revived the old legend of the "voodoo" curse that was put on old man De Courcy by an abused and liberally "black-naked" negress of his plantation in the good old times. The old woman predicted that his family would die out with three daughters and no sons. Sure enough his wife gave him only daughter and three sons. The first was a beautiful girl—Louise, Celeste and Jean. They were belles, wealthy, highly educated, proud and courted by the best of the Louisiana chivalry. But the old negress' curse clung so close to them that they came to be known as the "voodoo sisters." Louise married Dr. Hunt, of Alabama. Before the honeymoon was half over he became jealous of the attentions a gentleman paid his wife at a ball, challenged him and was killed. Then Celeste De Courcy married John Forsythe, Jr., son of the editor of the *Mobile Register*. He committed suicide a week after. The third daughter, Joan, the prettiest of all, married a wealthy young crole named Edmond Brievens, and he was killed in the first month of their married life in a duel on her account. The sisters returned to San Francisco, but the curse still pursued them, and this time Joan, the last of them, died in a garret in abject poverty last month.

RAILROAD TO HEAVEN.

A Western Man Goes on a Snake Hunt in a Sleeping Car and Murders a Sleeper.

As a train on the Ohio and Mississippi road was passing along near Michigan, Ind., at 4 a. m., on the 22nd ult., the passengers on the sleeping car were thrown into the greatest alarm by the conduct of a passenger named Haynes who was evidently crazed by drink. The crazy man roamed the car, pistol in hand, under the delusion that he was pursued by robbers who wanted his money. Mr. Alex. C. Wingate, a wealthy resident of Woodford county, Ky., who was returning to his home from a business trip to the west, sprang out of his berth alarmed by the outcry and was immediately shot dead by Haynes.

The train then fired two other shots at random and darting through the door leaped off the train, which was going at a speed of forty miles an hour. He alighted safely and walked half a mile away to a creek and after hanging his clothes on the limb of a tree plunged into the water and was drowned. In his pockets were found a half bottle of brandy, a receipt for a \$400 express package sent from Texas to New Salem, Ohio, a gold watch, \$60 in money and letters proving the murderer hailed from Yuma, Arizona.

WOMEN'S DEVILTRIES.

Where the Weaker Sex Comes Out Strong in Comparison With the Stronger.

Mrs. Kerra, a wealthy lady of Philadelphia, took a dislike to a very beautiful young girl, aged 17, named Mollie Boyer, who lived next door to her. The families were not acquainted but Mrs. Kerra hated the girl all the same, for no cause. On the 1st inst., as Mollie was entering her room by a back door, she perceived her to be standing in a second story window, and threw a quantity of vitrol over her scarring her face in a shocking manner, and burning out one of her eyes.

Laura S. Adams, the actress, formerly of Annie Pixley's troupe, made a scene by cowering her husband, James R. Pettit, a bookkeeper, in the street in New York, on the 14th inst. She persuaded her to leave the stage and marry him two years ago. Her sister, two years younger than herself, and eighteen, took his fancy, and he ran away and lived with her. He then received a legacy, and by the free use of money hired the youngest sister, aged only 16, away from the paths of virtue, abandoning the second sister and going to live with her in turn. His wife thought that going through the whole family in this treacherous matrimonial way was not exactly the proper caper on the part of the lady and she accordingly.

As Judge A. W. Stone was taking a promenade in Harrison avenue, Louisville, Colo., on the 28th ult., he was suddenly confronted by a pretty woman who drew a cowl from beneath her fur-lined cloak and gave him two or three lashes across the face. Then she clung to his coat and asked him to take her home with her. The lady proved to be Mrs. D. E. Walson, and she had beaten the judge because he wanted to drive away the judge who was living with her as her husband. The judge, she said, wanted to adopt her as his daughter, with all her money, and she said that young man, since the money seven times, to leave town, so the old patriarch might have a clear field to work his own rackets; but she wouldn't have it and took the last measure to convince him that she wouldn't. The judge says he only wanted to marry her in the interest of the real Mrs. Walson, who lives in East and who wants her husband back.

CROOKED CAPERS.

Scrapes and Scandals of all Sorts and from all Quarters.

A smart turnkey was Billy Edmunds, of the Detroit, Mich., Jail. On the 23rd ult., he detected one of the prisoners sawing through the iron bars of his cell window. The turnkey said nothing, intending to go outside when they finished the job and capture each one as he dropped his saw. He pointed out the door convict in the job didn't wait for him, though, but got away before he could get around to a place where he might lie in wait for them. He watched all night, and when morning came he learned that they had gone before he had time to get up.

Rev. Geo. S. Brand, of the Methodist church of Guthrie Centre, Iowa, the next saint to sit on the "ragged edge." He made a pastoral visit to one of his female parishioners on the 23d ult., while her husband was away at business, and made an indecent exposure and other crimes, and she reported the doings to the lady and took refuge in the house of a friend who returned with her husband to keep her company. During the afternoon the person appeared at his window (he lived across the way), and repeated the exposure and indecent gestures, not knowing that there were other witnesses besides his parishioner. He said, when charged with the offense, that the woman had a diseased imagination, and was very grand about it; but when the others came forward to tell what they had seen, he weakened and wanted to return to the scene of the brother, and to join him in prayer. This racket didn't work, however, so he acknowledged the corn before the church meeting, was formally fired out, and left the town at once with his family.

At 10 p. m., on the night of March 23, a band of burglars entered the houses of three widows who were known to be wealthy and to live alone. They made a grand haul of money, valuables, jewelry and real skin racques in each place, but did not ill-treat the ladies. The burglars were seen to be well armed, and the servants are supposed to have been in collusion with the thieves.

RECORDS OF "BAD MEN."

A String of Villainies that make Angels Weep and the Imps of Satan Grin.

The Malley boys, of New Haven, threaten to go on the stand at their trial and give away all the facts in regard to the murder of Jennie Cramer. They still protest their innocence.

On the night of the 22nd ult., Sheriff Wm. Estes, of Stokes County, North Carolina, left home saying he would be gone several days. He warned his wife to allow no one to stay over night in the house as the safe contained valuable property, and gave her the key. A neighbor called on him during the night. "Trade the safe," Mr. Estes allowed him to occupy a room. During the night two masked men called and demanded the key of the safe. She ran up and told herself. He told her to go back and give them the key without saying anything of his presence in the house. She did so, and the men proceeded to open the safe. While the safe was thus engaged Mrs. Estes' friend came down stairs armed and opened fire on the thieves, killing both of them. One of the dead men was found to be the sheriff himself and the other a friend and neighbor of his.

A thief disguised as a Catholic priest has been working the western country. In several farm houses near Atchison, Kansas, where he has been entertained over night he has made a clear sweep of all the valuables, and in some cases the stable has been skipped before morning. He will be lynched if caught, so strong is the feeling against him and his method of operations.

DEATH AT DESSERT.

Wm. H. Delbert, of Leadville, Pa., came in from the barn to dinner with the family at noon on the 27th ult. He ate heartily and chatted sociably. Then when the meal was finished he pushed his plate away and leaning back in his chair while a bland smile of satisfaction glowed over his face, he remarked: "Trade the safe is hanging dead in the barn." The family rushed out and found that the old man had indeed committed suicide. Called on for an explanation, Delbert said he didn't wish to spoil the family meal by telling the news too soon. He preferred to hold it back for dessert.

The Hillsdale Champion Amateur Four.

In this issue we are, as usual, first in the sporting field by introducing to our readers a capital group of portraits of the famous amateur four-oared crew of the Hillsdale Boat Club of Hillsdale, Mich., who are to sail from this city on May 30th, to row on the Thames, England, against the best oarsmen in England. The crew comprises Clarence W. Terwilliger, bow, aged 31 years, 5 feet 8½ inches in height and weighs 148 pounds; Homer P. Mead, aged 24 years, 5 feet 10 inches in height and weighs 153 pounds; Louis F. Beckhardt, aged 23 years, 5 feet 10½ inches in height and weighs 157 lbs., and E. Van Valkenburgh, stroke, aged 24 years, 5 feet 11 inches in height and weighs 170 pounds.

The association known as the Hillsdale Rowing Club was organized on July 8, 1878, and incorporated under the laws of the State of Michigan some time in September of the same year. The first event participated in occurred on Bow Beese Lake, near the city of Hillsdale, on Sept. 3, 1878, at which time the Bow Beese Boat Club held their second annual regatta, the Hillsdales entering C. W. Terwilliger and E. B. Van Valkenburgh, in the double scull race, and L. F. Beckhardt in the single scull race. Both crews won easily, the former having two competitors and the latter one, all from the Bow Beese club.

In the spring of 1879 the club purchased a four-oared shell from the Wah-wah-sums, of Saginaw, Mich., and organized a crew composed of C. W. Terwilliger, bow and captain, J. D. Willson, No. 2, L. F. Beckhardt, No. 3, E. B. Van Valkenburgh, stroke. This crew, as given above, attended the Northwestern Amateur Regatta held at Toledo, O., July 3, 4, 1879, where they won the Junior Four-oared race, beating the Undines, of Toledo, their only opponents; time, 14m. 10s.

From Toledo the crew, with J. G. Wolf, as substitute, went to Saratoga to attend the National Regatta, held July 9, 10, 11, 1879. The entries were Mutuals, of Albany, Saugerites, Wah-wah-sums, of Saginaw, Zephyrs, and Michigan, of Detroit. Shoe-wah-cae-mettes, of Monroe, Wyandottes, and Hillsdales, Mich., Crescents, of Philadelphia, Hopes, and St. Johns, of New Orleans, Lachines, of Montreal, Olympics, of Albany, Elizabeths, of Portsmouth, Va., Atlantas, Watkins, and Cohoes, of New York. In their trial heat the Hillsdales crossed the line winners in 8m. 41ks. Atlantas second, Wyandottes third. The final heat was composed of Hillsdales, Shoe-wah-cae-mettes, Wah-wah-sums, Mutuals and Elizabeths, the Atlantas having withdrawn. At the finish of this race there was a grand foul, and the umpire ordered the race rowed over after disqualifying the Shoe-wah-cae-mettes and Wah-wah-sums which resulted in the Hillsdales winning in 8m. 32ks. The crew then returned and took part in a regatta on Bow Beese Lake,

held Aug. 13, 14, 1879. In the senior four they defeated the Shoe-wah-cae-mettes and Undines; time 7m. 24ks. Terwilliger and Van Valkenburgh also won both senior and junior races for double sculls, beating in the first instance the Niles Scullers, of Niles, Mich., and Farraguts, of Chicago; time 8m. 4ks. In the senior race they defeated Taylor and Kasey of the Undines, Toledo; time 7m. 47ks. Undines not finishing the race. The distance was 1¼ miles straightaway, the personnel of the crew remaining the same as given above. Up to this time the crew had been using an old boat purchased from the Wah-wah-sums of Saginaw, but upon their return from Saratoga a

and Van Valkenburgh also captured the senior double scull race in 10m. 22s. On June 22, 23, 24, 1880, they took part in the annual regatta of the Mississippi Valley Association, held at Moline, Ill., where they entered the open to all four oared and double scull races, winning the former in 12m. 21s. In the double Terwilliger and Van Valkenburgh did not pull the race through owing to their sculls being too large for the rowlocks, and they could not be made to work. The course was two miles with a turn. The next week after their return from Moline they started for Philadelphia to participate in the National Regatta, July 7, 8, 9, 1880. The entries were Argonauts of Toronto, University

9m. 43ks., distance 1¼ miles straightaway. Terwilliger and Van Valkenburgh were beaten in the senior double scull race by Duseau and Durell, of the Shoe-wah-cae-mettes. The above straightaway races were pulled against a swift current.

At the annual regatta of the Hillsdale Rowing Club, held July 23, 29, 1880, the crew did not enter in any of the races, but gave exhibition pulls.

In the Spring of 1881, the club had serious thoughts about entering crews at any of the regattas during that season, but after a while concluded to enter a senior four and single in the Northwestern Regatta held on Diamond

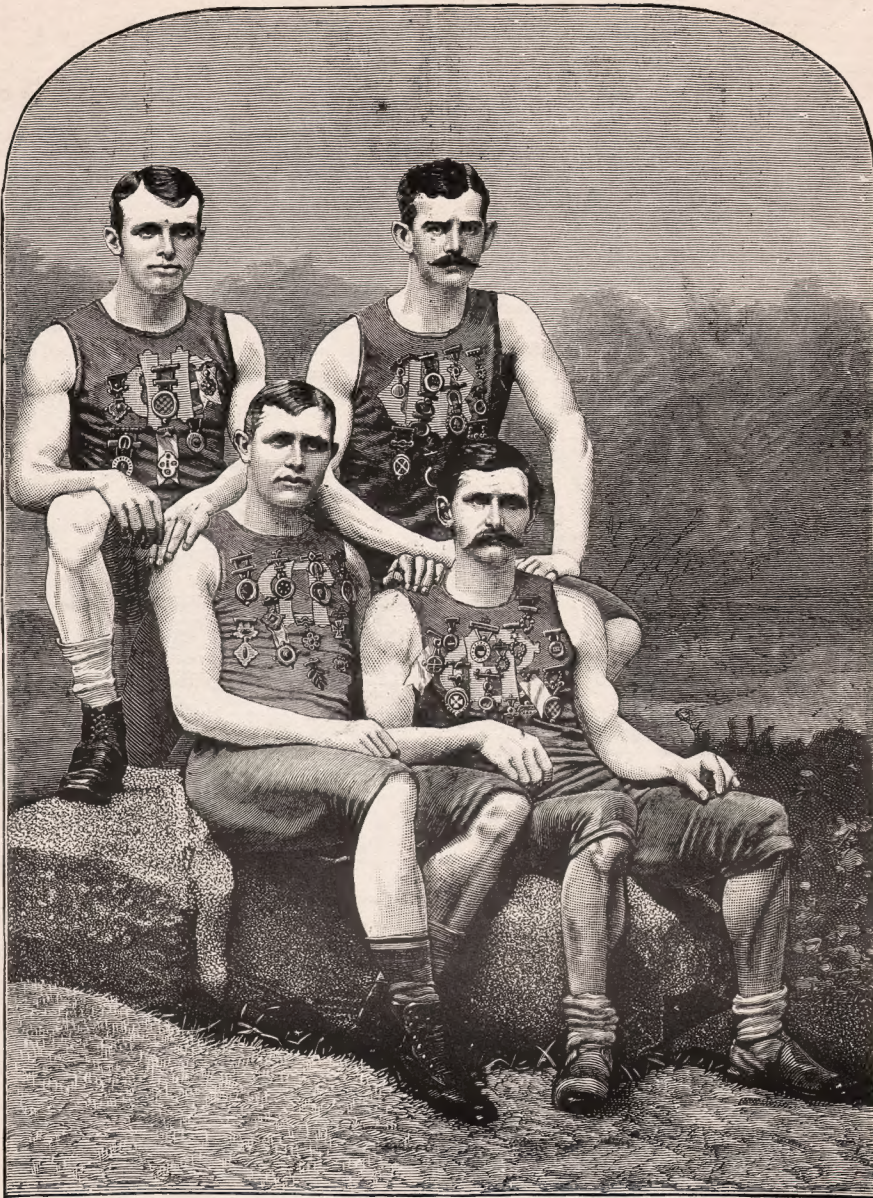
Lake, near Cassopolis, Mich., July 23, 29, 1881. The four was made up of L. F. Beckhardt, H. P. Mead, E. T. Beckhardt, E. B. Van Valkenburgh. Capt. Terwilliger entered at this regatta in the senior single scull race, but when the first race for four oars was called E. T. Beckhardt was unable to take his place in the boat on account of sickness, and Terwilliger occupied his seat in the boat a position he had never before tried. The open to all four oars, distance 1¼ miles straightaway, was won by the Hillsdales in 8m. 12ks., Centennials second and d. Wyandottes third. The entries in the senior four were Hillsdales, Centennials, Wyandottes, Bay City, Gogues of Battle Creek, Nautilus of Hamilton, Ont. Hillsdales crossed the line first in 16m. 32ks., Centennials second 3 lengths behind, Wyandottes last, the other crews having drawn out. Distance, 3 miles with a turn.

Upon the return of the crew they were reorganized, after which they rowed in the open to all four oared race at the Hillsdale regatta, Aug. 24, 25, 1881, their only opponents being the Centennials, whom the Hillsdales vanquished in 10m. 36s.; distance 1¼ miles with turn.

They next rowed at the National regatta, held at Washington, D.C., Sept. 8, 9, 1881. The entries were Minnesota of St. Paul, Elizabeth of Portsmouth, Va., Metropolitan of New York City, Middlesex of Cambridgeport, Mass., Crescent and Fairmount of Philadelphia, Albany, Columbus of Georgetown, Anacostan of Washington, D.C., and Hillsdales. In the trial heat the Hillsdales were first in 8m. 20ks. The final heat resulted in Hillsdales winning in 8m. 6ks. The course was on the Potomac river, and 1¼ miles straightaway against the current.

Conjugal Attention.

While Mrs. Robert Blum, of Cleveland, was peacefully sleeping on the night of the 31st ult., she was startled by a stinging sensation on the cheek. She opened her eyes and saw her husband standing in the middle of the room with a pistol in his hand practicing marksmanship on her. After receiving several slight wounds she escaped to an adjoining room and screamed for help, but before assistance arrived the man had ended the festivities by putting a bullet through his head.



HOMER P. MEAD.

E. B. VAN VALKENBURGH, STROKE.

LOUIS F. BECKHARDT.

CLARENCE W. TERWILLIGER, BOW.

THE HILLSDALE AMATEUR FOUR.

[Photo. by John Wood, 208 Bowery.]

new one was ordered of Waters & Sons, Troy, N. Y., which was received just before the lake was closed with ice. The new boat was found to be all that could have been desired, and it was constantly used during the rowing seasons of 1880 and 1881, the dimensions of this boat being 41 feet long, 19 inches wide, and fully rigged, weighing 120 pounds.

In the latter part of May, 1880, the crew started for New Orleans to take part in a regatta held on Lake Pontchartrain, June 2, 3, 1880. Here they rowed in the four-oared race against the Shoe-wah-cae-mettes, Burlingtons of Iowa, and St. Johns of New Orleans. The Hillsdales won easily in 9m. 15s. Terwilliger

and Crescents of Philadelphia, Carman of Carmanville, Saugerites of Albany and M. N. Nolan of Albany, N. Y., Eureka of Newark, N. J., Nautilus of Reading, Pa., Centennials of Detroit, Wyandottes and Hillsdales of Michigan. In their trial heat the Hillsdales were easy winners in 9m. 41ks. In the final heat they crossed the line winners in 8m. 53s.

The Northwestern Amateur Associations Regatta, held at Bay City, Mich., July 21, 22, 1880, was attended by the crew, and the race for senior fours in which they had no competitors, the Wyandottes withdrawing, was taken in 19m. 18s., distance 3 miles with turn. Open to all fours was won handsily by the Hillsdales in

Lothario's Dilemma.

James Pratt, a restaurant keeper at Allogheny City, had reason to believe that a young man, agent for a thread manufacturing firm, whose office is in New York, was too fond of his, the restaurant keeper's wife. The young woman had been educated in New York and had kept company with Phil Groster, the drummer aforesaid, before her marriage, but since had received his visits, as she pretended to her husband, out of pure malice—just to show him how happy she was with her own dear hubby, in the nice little cottage which he had bought in her name, in the outskirts of Pittsburgh. The restaurant-keeper took in this tatty very accommodatingly, and for a time all went well. Several anonymous letters received by him from the prying neighbors, however, brought a change over the spirit of his dream. He went home unexpectedly on the 27th ult., and got into the bed-room just in time to see a fashionably attired young man jump out of the window and make for a lumber room on the ground floor of the one story wing of the cottage. The husband, masking his feelings, made an excuse to go into this addition. The stranger retreated to the chimney and took refuge in it. The husband built a rousing fire in the fire-place, put his two watch dogs on the roof of the wing with instructions to watch for him in the chimney, and borrowing a neighbor's gun, came back and watched with them until Lothario in the chimney decided the question whether he would be roasted or eaten raw. He finally showed himself at the top of the chimney and begged piteously for mercy. The husband granted him the right to get away if he could, promising to be neutral between him and the dogs. He got down and ran for it. The fierce animals tore him terribly, and would have killed him had he not fallen in with a party of railroad laborers, who drove them off and rescued him. The faithless wife was given twenty-four hours to pack up and leave, after writing before witnesses a confession of her guilt. Her husband preserves several scraps of her lover's raiment as specimens of the jaw power of his faithful

**DANGERS OF THE MATINEE.**

HOW THE NEW YORK THEATRE USHERS MAKE A STAKE BY ADDING THE GAY SIRENS TO THROW THEIR NETS ABOUT ELIGIBLE PARTIES AT THE THEATRE.

**DAVID GASTNACKER,**

CHAMPION FIE EATER OF NEWARK, N. J.

**JOSEPH STEWART,**

CHAMPION OYSTER EATER OF WILMINGTON, DEL.

dogs, who are all of the once happy household that remain faithful to its master.

A Desperate Game.

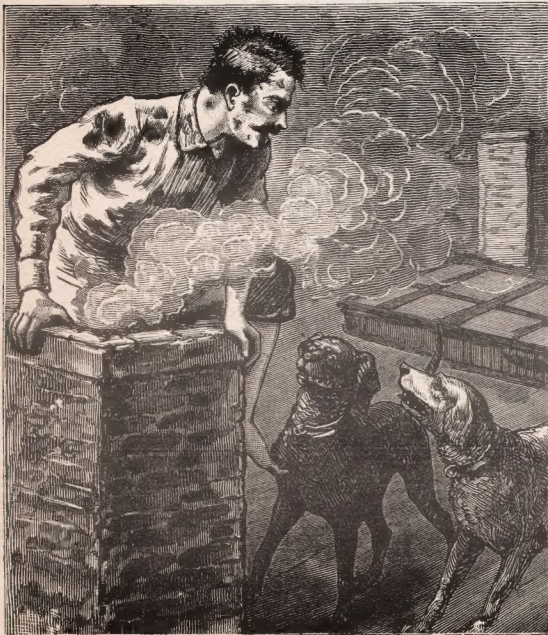
Another hot time in Kentucky. H. T. Parker, a telegraph operator employed by the railroad company at Wickliffe, Ky., playing cards on the night of the 31st ult. with another young man named Jerry Henderson, had a dispute and seized the stakes amounting to twenty dollars. The parties separated after an interchange of the usual choice epithets. Jerry returned home and consulted with his brother Henry, who urged him to recover the money. They armed themselves and went to a house where Parker was sitting up all night watching the corpse of a friend's child. They called him out and in the fight that ensued, Henry was shot and killed by Parker who fled to the river, jumped into a canoe and floated down the stream. He was

headed off at a bend by a mounted man, some miles below, who covered him with a rifle and made him come ashore. He was taken back to town the next day, but that evening overpowered his guards, got possession of a Winchester rifle and ammunition, fought his way out and has not been seen since, although the country has been scoured by detachments of armed citizens.

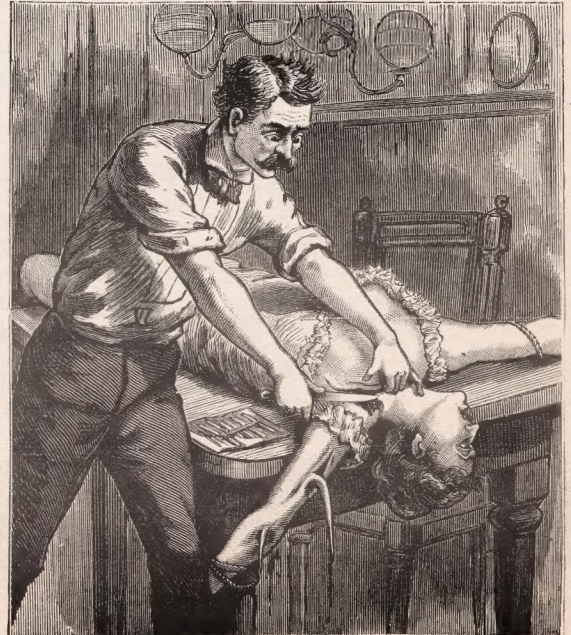
A Fiend Lynched.

At midnight on the 1st inst., a tramp named Charles Gimson, who said he resided at Franklin, Ill., broke into the house of Edward Pritchard, at Kokomo, took a little girl, aged three years, from her crib without awaking her parents, and carrying her to an outbuilding made an attempt to outrage her, inflicting frightful injuries on the child. He was captured and lodged in jail, but although guarded by a militia company, the prison was carried by a mob fifteen hundred strong during the night of the 2d inst., who hanged him.

Two brothers, John and Thomas McDonald, of Covington, Ky., had a fight with knives on the 1st inst. John got the most fine work in and carved Thomas so freely that he will die.

**LOTHARIO'S DILEMMA.**

A PITTSBURGH YOUNG MAN WHILE ON A VISIT TO A MARRIED LADY IS TRAPPED IN A CHIMNEY BY HIS HUSBAND AND CAUGHT ON THE ROOF BY HIS DOGS.

**VIVISECTING HIS BRIDE.**

A CRAZY PHYSICIAN MARRIES AN ATLANTA, GA., BELLE, AND PROFESSIONALLY OFFICIATES IN A SCENE OF HORROR IN THE BRIDAL CHAMBER.

THE ACTOR ASSASSINS; OR, THE JOURNEY OF DEATH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
"Paris by Gaslight," "Mabelle Unmasked," etc., etc.

CHAPTER V. AN ESCAPE PLOTTED.

The assassins were incarcerated in the prison at Donal, in which city they were to be tried. They were confined in separate cells, and given permission to employ counsel and make what preparations they chose for a death, which, no matter what precautions they took, was predestined to be fruitless.

They received a very few visitors, but were viewed by many curious strangers whom the friendship of the jailors secured the privilege for.

Among these visitors one day appeared two women, young, pretty, attired with Parisian elegance, and apparently devoured by grief and despair. They represented themselves as the prisoner Armand's sisters, and stated that they had made the journey from Paris to make his incarceration as little miserable as their efforts could.

They were, consequently, allowed free access to the prisoner.

Armand received them with effusion, and they provided him with many comforts and luxuries. They exercised their charms upon the jailors, too, and were permitted liberties which were in direct contempt of the rules of the prison.

On September 12th these two visitors presented themselves at the jail at two o'clock in the afternoon and were as usual admitted to Armand's cell.

They remained there longer than usual, and as the hour at which visitors were compelled to leave had long passed the chief jailer knocked at the cell door and warned them that they must depart.

An explosion of sobs was his only answer. He insisted, and at last one of the ladies opened the door. Her face was wet with weeping. Her sister, bent with her head upon the table, sobbed as if her heart would break. Armand, stretched on his bed with his face buried in the pillow, was also crying.

It was such an affecting scene that the jailer himself was touched. He excused himself for the necessity of disturbing the grief-stricken family party, and withdrew to a decent distance so as not to interfere with the parting.

Presently the ladies came out, rapidly. One leaned upon the other's arm, her face buried in her handkerchief, her form shaken by convulsive sobs. The other strove to comfort her.

They passed the jailer, but a moment later a suspicion flashed upon him.

The lady with the handkerchief was an unusually tall woman and heavily built, whereas the murderer's two visitors were small and slender.

The turnkey scented a rodent of commanding dimensions, and springing upon the sobbing lady tore the handkerchief from her hand.

The face of Antonio Armand was uncovered by this movement.

The prisoner in his cell was the younger and prettier of his visitors, who had exchanged clothing with him and who was striving to play for him the part Madame Lavelette had performed for her husband in Paris, and the Mrs. Wes. Allen and Maggie Jordan were to repeat nearly fifty years afterwards for Sherry in New York.

After this Armand was denied all visits and privileges. The women were held under arrest and an inquiry made into their identity.

They proved to be an actress of the Odeon Theatre and her maid.

The actress had fallen desperately in love with Armand during his engagement at the theatre, and he had in a measure reciprocated her passion. A flood of his long-gotten gains had been expended on her, and she had requited his generosity with a devotion quite rare among her mercenary class.

When the news of his arrest reached Paris she had sent her jewels to the pawnshop, packed up her traveling bag and set out at once for Donal, determined to rescue her lover, if a rescue were possible. Her maid had entered into her plan and done her best to help her carry it out.

The Belgian laws are very strict and severe in relation to aiding in the escape of prisoners, and the two daring women stood a good chance of experiencing serious trouble out of their escapade.

But after a week or ten days a special courier delivered an important looking communication from Paris to the governor of the prison. It was an order from the King for the release of the female Don Quixote and her Abigail.

The ostensible reason was that their crime had been a woman's error and weakness rather than a serious offence, and as it had failed in its purpose the theatre would not need to be robbed of a popular favorite. The real reason was very like that given by Charles II. when he pardoned Nell Gwynne for interfering in a political imbroglio she had no business meddling in.

The King can always afford to pardon those he loves.

Misses and maid, being released, returned to Paris without delay. Armand, now deprived of his last hope, for he knew that the courts had doomed him beforehand, abandoned himself to despair.

When he was not a prey to this cowardly grief he employed his leisure in literary pursuits. He wrote hymns, love songs of the most indecent character, commenced a romance called "The Career of a Outpurse from Cradle to Guillotine," and indited two acts of a play based on his adventures and exploits.

"One may as well amuse oneself," he said. "When we are dead it is the turn of the worms."

Could anyone but a Parisian conceive such philosophy under such circumstances, any more than anyone but a Frenchman could find such a wretch worth sacrificing herself for?

CHAPTER VI. THE AXE FALLS.

Antonio Armand and Jules Marc Delaval were brought to trial for murder on November 9, 1833, at Donal. It was a period of great political excitement, and their case excited little of the attention which to-day readers less heinous and romantic crimes celebrated.

They continued to accuse each other of the chief criminality in the murder, and their cross denunciations were furious, obscene and explicit.

The court found them equally culpable, and both were condemned to death.

With the mad desire to delay his execution, Armand broke out in a novel way. He accused himself of all sorts of crimes, all imaginary, and when these failed tried to secure time by professing to know and be willing to betray the assassins of the Prince de Conde. But every investigation of these phantom crimes proved him a liar, and his doom drew steadily on.

On February 6, 1833, the two condemned men were taken to the prison at Dunkirk, where the execution was to take place.

The execution took place on February 8th, at noon, in the great square at Dunkirk, amid a vast throng of spectators.

The assassins ate their last breakfast tranquilly, and picked their teeth with a comfortable deliberateness. The meal over, they distributed their few effects among their fellow-prisoners.

"May they do you more good than they did me," said Delaval, giving a pair of shoes he had purchased in Dunkirk on the day after the murder.

But as the hour of execution hurried on, Delaval lost his sang froid. He became pale, and a febrile movement agitated him. Armand, on the contrary, remained firm.

He was carefully dressed and got up, and carried himself with theatrical audacity. He sprang from the death cart vividly and mounted the steps of the guillotine lightly. Saluting the executioners with careless abandon, he bowed to the audience like a rope dancer, acknowledging their applause. He went out of the world with as little apparent emotion, in short, as a man of wood.

Delaval, nearly dead with fright, had to be carried up the steps of the scaffold. The executioners handled him like a rag man. The guillotine beheaded simply an inert mass.

The mob had cheered Armand; it hissed his confederate.

*** (THE END). ***

VIVISECTING HIS BRIDE.

A Maniac Doctor Presides over a Scene of Horror in His Bridal Chamber.

*** (Subject of Illustration). ***

An old doctor named Henry T. Wright residing some miles to the south of the town of Lebanon, Pa., has gradually sunk into a state of mild imbecility in his declining years. He has been out of practice for some ten years owing to eccentricities which his patients in Philadelphia, Pa., his native place, were not willing to bear with. Among the most startling of these was his attempts to prescribe terrible doses of morphine for the avowed purpose of merely studying their effects on his unhappy subjects. When his practice left him he moved to the wife of George and built a residence where he lived alone. He was a fine looking man, well educated, a good conversationalist and good company when he was not in one of his gloomy moods.

There was no sign of the madman about him and so he and his wife soon became a favorite with the ladies and one of them, a Miss Strummers, whose parents reside near Atlanta, Ga., consented to marry him after a very brief courtship. He objected to a grand wedding so the person officiated privately at the residence of the bride with only her parents as witnesses of the ceremony. Then he drove away at midnight with his bride.

When they reached his gloomy but magnificent dwelling she found it presided over by one servant, an old negro, who showed her the way to her room. Her husband disappeared until about 2 a. m., when he entered the bedroom where she was sleeping and after a desperate struggle tied her hand and feet and after stripping her naked placed her on a table and proceeded to vivisect her. He had made an incision in her back with a knife and several strips of skin to enable him to note the spasmodic action of the muscles over her heart, when a party of belated hunters bent in, attracted by the woman's cries and after a desperate fight drove off the maniac doctor who, armed with a knife, cut his way through the crowd, leaped through a second-story window and escaped to the woods. When caught he will be lodged in an insane asylum as he should have been long ago.

The bride will recover but it is feared that her reason has been destroyed by her terrible experience in the bridal chamber.

THE DEVIL'S OWN.

Some Deeds in which Satan Does Not Conceal His Agency.

CHAR. PARKER, of Milan, Mich., was arrested on the 31st ult. on a charge of having seduced an insane girl of that town.

JOHN OAKES, a convict of Provo, Utah, under sentence of life imprisonment, committed suicide in court on the 28th ult. as he was about to be removed to prison.

A. PATRICKS, of Lincoln, Nebraska, shot his wife through the heart on the 23d inst. and then tried to kill his grown sons but they escaped with only flesh wounds. He was a disreputable, drunken fellow and his wife had refused to live with him for some years. He escaped to the woods after the murder, and the officers of the law although he had foot after him have not succeeded in running him down as yet.

On June 1, 1873, Dollos Logan killed Peter R. Smith at Mansfield, Texas. The murderer escaped and since that time has been at large, frequently visiting Fort Worth with a gang of cowboys to protect him and defying the authorities to take him. He visited Mansfield secretly to see some friends on the 1st inst. but was recognized by a newspaper reporter who notified the sheriff and then engaged the murderer in a friendly game of cards while the posse were being gathered. Logan had just turned up the ace of hearts for trump and had both bowmen when the officers arrived and took him without a struggle.

At Frenchburg, Ky., on the 1st inst., a fight occurred in a moonshiner's whiskey shop between a band of a dozen desperadoes who had quarreled over a game of cards. "The battle was waged with pistols and knife knives was used in the street." At moonlight, One Thompson and Martin Jones were each shot twice, the latter being mortally wounded, while Bill Duncan had his abdomen laid open with a bowie knife. A man named Murphy is said to have been killed and the ruffians who had participated in the shooting took the body to the woods and buried it. When the neighbors asked about the row and the damage done they were told to shut up, that it was none of their business and until somebody who had been hurt made up his mind to sue the authorities had nothing to say. The place, and the section of Kentucky, nice fellows, those Kentuckians.

DANGERS OF THE MATINEE.

How the Ticket Sellers and Ushers Combine with Crooked Girls to Land the Suckers.

*** (Subject of Illustration). ***

The great city bristles with traps for the unwary rustic. The bunco man preys on the greenhorn, capturing him in the street or in the hotel and leading him surreptitiously without any extra word about it. There are some kinds of fish, and they are often the richest too, who cannot be caught in that fashion. They are the merchants from eastern, western and southern cities who pretend to know a thing or two, and who on a lark in the morning, or at night, are on their guard against crooked gals. To land such a fish as this requires art in fixing the bait, in playing him and in finally scooping him in. The matinee at the fashionable theatre is the place where he subjects his unsuspecting victim to a little loss of time in taking wrong parties. Why, they have accomplices in the ticket sellers and ushers. They are always solid with the ticket seller, visiting him at the box office two or three times a week, making him presents of cigars and such like, and then the ticket seller leads the matinee and goes to the box office for tickets.

"Oh, Charley, got a good horse? Yes? Good seats for us? You know not too far to the front?" Charley thinks he has. There is a gent he knows to be a solid party who has seated in the fifth row both the ticket seller and the crooked girl. He flings out a couple of dollar tickets, the dear girl hands him a five dollar note and pass in without waiting for her change.

The box keeper has satisfied himself that the gent is a fit subject for the arts of the dear girls and they have no trouble and loss no time in landing him. The ushers also turn an honest penny by keeping themselves posted on the quality of the male patrons and clients in the theatre. For the purpose of expediency those selected as eligible parties. These ushers get only five dollars or less a week from the management for their services but their bribes on a matinee day amount to more than five times their weekly salaries. It is worth fifty dollars extra a week to sell at the matinee if you are "in" and can tumble to the girls' rackets and keep your tongue between your teeth.

It is amusing to attend a matinee in any of the New York theatres and watch this trapping of the knowing ones going on all over the house with the employees in league with the ushers and the girls to ensnare the sucker. It is too good to give this away since it may spoil the girls' profits and cut down the earnings of those very honest and hard working sons of toil, the ticket sellers, but the POLICE GAZETTE is a journal of facts and its readers in the remote corners of the country must be posted before they make, perchance, a trip to New York, in what are the tricks and traps with which they will be beset.

KILLED BY PRAYER.

How Three Religious Maniacs Brought About a Funeral and a Big Scandal.

Here's the boss emotional sensation. It comes from Rogersville, N. Y. The matinee in that place is run by a blooming professor named Dr. Wayne. Back of him is assisted by two maiden ladies, his instructors—persons of fine education and refinement—the Misses Andrews. This entire college faculty seem to be religious maniacs. The absolute efficacy of prayer is their stronghold, and they take the most direct and the most direct way to the music and raise up the din of their psalm singing to force God to perform miracles of the most improbable character. Prof. Babcock's wife being confined, these three howling idiots refused to attend to the duties of the prayer to the point of trying her through all right, and the second night of her illness forced her to get up and dance around the

room with them in thanksgiving to heaven for having answered their prayers. Of course, after the holy exercise the poor woman died.

When the professor had laid her in the grave, the two sisters began to wonder which one of them he would marry, but he broke them all up by marrying one day a week or two ago, that he thought if he would run over to a neighboring town and get him a new wife to care for his four children. No sooner had he gone than the two maiden ladies confessed to the whole village that he had maltreated his wife and had been guilty of a vile crime. When the professor came back with his bride he had to face this scandal, and his life has been made miserable in consequence. His defence is that the too too rapturous religious maidens are crazy. He says he didn't, while they bray, "say he did, and that they are "very wicked women."

A CHINESE MAZEPPA.

The Boys Have Some Cruel Fun With John and End with a Death.

*** (Subject of Illustration). ***

Near Brookville, Arizona, on the 30th ult., three well-equipped and well-mounted cowboys named Jake McCray, Billy Follansbee and Tom Dilworth, were riding along, intending to have a quiet time in town. They were met by a Chinaman carrying a basket who approached them on a dog trot, but evidently without any fear of the horsemen of the plains. An idea struck Jake McCray.

"Boys," said he, "I'll lass the Chinaman, you catch a wild steer, we'll tie him on and run him through the town."

Billy and Tommy roared with delight over this project and agreed to perform their part. Jake flung his riata and it twirled around the unfortunate Mongolian, who was jerked ten feet in the leap of the rough rider's horse as it tightened. Follansbee and Dilworth meantime made a dash for the horseman of the plains. An idea struck Jake McCray. "Boys," said he, "I'll lass the Chinaman, you catch a wild steer, we'll tie him on and run him through the town."

He was laid breast down on the steer, his hands were pulled well down around the brute's shoulders and tied together; then his legs were firmly secured on either side of the animal's loins, and then Jake inspected the work and said he was as firm as if he had "grown there."

The steer was then released and he sprang to his feet with blood in his eye. He charged successfully across the town, they avoided him with ease. All this time the Chinaman was yelling "police" and "murder" at the top of his voice, while the cowboys added to the din with their devilish yells. All these sounds maddened the steer as well as alarmed him, and he finally started off at a thundering pace. At the corner, the Chinaman started shrieking and screeching in the most agonizing manner. The furious brute made wide detours and attempted to turn back, but was headed every time by his skillful pursuers and driven on towards the town which had been selected as the place of his execution. The steered and went at a gully eighteen feet wide, and was followed safely by Jake, but Billy and Tom and their horses both tumbled in. Tom came to his senses first and leaving Follansbee stunned, ran his horse along the bottom for a quarter of a mile and came out in time to take part in the chase again.

The animal was headed into the main street at midday and went through with a rush. All the dogs in town joined in the pursuit at his heels. A mob joined, led by the sheriff, and the steered and went at a gallop. The Chinaman and his wild steed through every lane and alley of the town amid an indescribable din. In front of the court house the steer stumbled and fell; and Deputy Sheriff Charles Smith ran forward and cut the Chinaman loose. The steed had refused to stop and the officer and the Chinaman and the animal, alarmed by the fall of its rider, ran away, dragging both of them almost the length of the main street before it was caught. McCray left town, started up Follansbee and was followed. A party of citizens started in pursuit, with little hope of capturing them.

THE HUM OF BULLETS.

The Deadly Pistol and the Diverse Motives that Have Winged its Leadens Messengers.

Geo. BOHANNON, who shot and killed Wm. Light at a picnic at Pool Hollow Cave, Phelps county, Mo., on Aug. 15, 1881, has for the second time been sentenced to be hanged, the execution to take place on April 21. His first trial came off last fall and the supreme court granted a new trial on account of irregularity in the instructions. This time he will be certain to hang. The murder was a most unprovoked and dastardly one, without cause, and the victim a peaceful and good citizen. While the murderer was always considered a bad egg.

JOHN SCHNABEL, a jolly German of Johnstown, Pa., was fool enough a year ago to marry a widow with several young devils of boys. John tried hard to control them but they would not recognize his authority. On Sunday the young rascals got mad about it and they passed the time in shooting rats and playing circus in his stable and the neighbors complained of the violation of the Sabbath. Schnabel feeling that any attempt to reform his young friends was hopeless, crossed his original folly by blowing his brains out.

CHAS. STACEBOHNS, who called a farmer named Kipple, a "damned old man," to his door and shot him dead out of pure deity and on no provocation at all, was captured near Wilkesbarre, Pa., on the 2d inst. after the detectives had chased him over the country for three years.

A MOUNTAIN couple in Denver, Col., has taken to the emotional business with social acquaintances. O. G. Caswell, a cream colored fellow, was once and shot a matchless shot. The young rascal got mad about it and took to sleeping with a loaded revolver under her pillow to defend her virtue. On the night of the 23d ult. the couple had a fight for the weapon and in the struggle it went off, the ball carrying away one of the young lady's fingers and into the eye of the bridegroom. Whence arises a terrible scandal in the town colored circles of Denver.

CAPTAIN JIM'S "STAR."

How a Fickle Artist Broke up a Show.

A Band of Texas Cow Boys Raid a Circus, Lasso the Clown and Steal the Principal Female Rider.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Captain Jim Johnson used to run a theatre circuit during the rebellion over the western states, taking out companies and making money in much the same way as the "French Spy," the "Angel of Midnight," the "Wizard Skiff" and the pantomime repertoire popular at that time. In the course of his wanderings he chanced to become acquainted with a beautiful young girl, Louisville, Ky., named Sadie McIlwain. Sadie was stage struck and every time the circus came to town haunted the theatre. But if she was crazy on the show the manager was crazy on her. He offered her marriage and she agreed to elope with him if he would put her on the stage. He paid her a handsome allowance, "fruct her in the principal business of the principal parts in the repertoire. After after she had been under expensive instructions for six months Captain Jim picked a quarrel with his star actress, gave Sadie the cue, she skipped out of town with the company, was married at the next "fruct" and took her place as the leading pantomime artist of the company. She did well and became a great favorite.

Money was plenty in those times and Captain Jim, infatuated with his child wife, lavished a fortune on her. His happiness lasted just two years. Sadie was fond of being married and she was not. She longed to be a circus rider and had eloped, with a bare back rider who had lured her away by promising to train her for art arduous profession.

His star gone, Captain Jim's company went to pieces and he took to drink and became a vagabond around Lexington, Ky., as everybody supposed a hopeless wreck, but finally about three years ago there came to town hunting for him a man whom he had befriended when Captain Jim was top of the tree and he was likely to be found at a drunkard's grave. He had come to save his friend and he did.

He had gone to Texas with the money Jim had given him, had invested it in a cattle ranch and was rich. Now he offered his benefactor half of his stock and full partnership and money, not to be an answer. The pair went back together and then Captain Jim became a new man, became healthy and wealthy and wise enough to see the error of his ways. All went well until the fatal day of March came on. Then an event occurred to mar the harmony of his peaceable life. The circus came to town. It was one of those remnants of the big shows that breaks off and keeps going in a lame way during the winter through the wild regions of the southwest. This party halted from New Orleans and among their number were a much lashed couple who had a double act in it. One of those remnants of the big shows that breaks off and keeps going in a lame way during the winter through the wild regions of the southwest. This party halted from New Orleans and among their number were a much lashed couple who had a double act in it. One of those remnants of the big shows that breaks off and keeps going in a lame way during the winter through the wild regions of the southwest. This party halted from New Orleans and among their number were a much lashed couple who had a double act in it.

Captain Jim, seeing on impulse, yanked out his gun, but his cowboy comrades disarmed and restrained him. He was fairly well succeeded in quieting him long enough to tell his story.

When they had heard this they proposed to break up the show and aid him in his vengeance in every way. This was just what he wanted. The night came and Captain Jim was in the saddle, with his two friends to keep him within bounds. The show went on smoothly enough until the great double act of Mile. Sylvia and Monsieur Bernardine came on. The lady and her companion performed their feats gracefully and to the "fruct" over, seated themselves on a sedate stools and smoked. While the clown got off a couple of ancient jokes.

Just as the laugh was about to come there was a loud whistle heard, followed by a yell and a troop of a dozen cow boys mounted on mustangs broke through the line and dashed into the arena, brandishing their pistols like furries. Captain Jack made one bound and landed on the back of Monsieur Bernardine's horse. Sadie recognizing him gave a wild shriek and crouched on the horse's shoulders in abject terror.

The cow boys leaped the fence, disarmed the clown and dragged them around the ring and a quarter of a mile away to prevent them interfering in the fight raging on horseback between Captain Jim and the circus man. The audience dispersed in terror and Captain Jim escaped, leaving the rider, his antagonist, terribly wounded. Eith carried Sadie to his home and some say he has been killed by him in his rage in some remote haunt of his gang. At any rate she has disappeared and the circus has been scattered to the four winds, not a vestige being left of its prosperity by the people of the town, when they heard the news of the mad run of the provocation that had led up to the terrible row.

RELIGIOUS NEWS.

What is Doing in the Churches, and Who the Churchmen are "Doing."

CHARLES L. KELLY, of Philadelphia, a church member in good standing and a bright light in the Young Men's Christian Association, was arrested on a court, on the 5th inst., of having seduced a handsome young woman named Miss Eva Hickman. She alleges that he promised marriage and then induced her to visit certain houses with him.

GEORGE BRUN, for over twenty years the organist of the Third Presbyterian Church, New York, and coupon clerk in the Bank of America, in New York City, has made away with \$7,000 of the bank funds. He was discharged on the 5th inst., and his relatives made up the loss. He still plays the music with which the Jersey Presbyterians keep time in their march up the golden stairs.

MISSIONARY HYMAN is busy presenting evidence in the form of Indian affidavits going to show that the bishop who accuses him is not a saint. Among the testimony is the story that the young woman who alleged that the missionary seduced her, attempted on her contrary to seduce the missionary. The ancient Miss West, who is a firm believer in his chastity, alleges that he was awakened one night by feeling some one caressing his bare feet in bed, and found that

it was the seductive (or the alleged seduced) young lady who was smothering down his bunions. She fell on her knees and begged him not to kill her. He let her off with her life. The moral tone of the maidens of the "Sadies" ages under ordinary influence was very rigid, and don't you forget it.

SAVAGE AND MAIDEN.

How a Reckless Dirty Blonde Cut Loose and Demoralized a Whole Tribe of Indians.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A straggling beauty from a dirty blonde troupe has demoralized tribes in Yukon, Alaska, and the adjoining country for a month or two past, in a more thorough manner than a person missionary with the anomalous modern improvements could have done. She was Mademoiselle Helene De La Vigne on the stage, and she was the devil on the trail. Her first trip lay across the continent toward San Francisco, where the manager intended to run it through a summer season, and she was hauling in kummers in every town and landing them neatly.

She had the street a miner in Kansas City, and after he had begged the troupe for a week and poured a fortune in her, she agreed to "elope" with him, giving her manager the slip. He had contracts in hand for Indian supplies, and before going on a trip to Europe with the inflated sum of fortune, she insisted that she should accompany him to Yankton and travel through that wild region, to mingle with the romantic red men. The noble red men aforesaid took kindly to her, because with the liberality with which she set up the freewheel. It was no uncommon thing to see the young lady putting a couple of salivars chink through the pores of a "big drunk," and the scandal raised thereby could only be equalled by letting loose a lusty missionary among the Indian maidens. The miner succeeded in dragging his costly darning away to Europe in time to save one whole tribe of the Indians from a grand attack of delirium tremens.

AFFAIRS OF THE HEART.

Gumps, Cranks, and Fancies of Venus' Vicious Brat.

ALICE POWELL, a mulatto belle, decided to return home from a dance in Indianapolis on the 28th ult., with a negro named Greene Burnett, a dapper colored fellow, giving the shakes to her former gallant, Bob Alexander, "only a common tenant." Alexander followed the pair through the streets and attacked his rival with a razor. Then the barber drew a revolver and shot him dead.

AUGUST BRUYTHART, a German, of Buffalo, N. Y., complained on the 21st ult., that he had been robbed of \$200 by a thief. It turned out to be the case of a rich German widow whom he had told of only \$4. He had a notion that if he complained of a big loss the authorities would make it good to him, and he might keep his hand above water with the sum thus gained until he could marry the widow. It didn't work, though, and he had to abandon the city and the rich widow in a hurry.

HENRY ROSE aroused the suspicions of Thomas Showers, the husband of a pretty woman at Muskogee, Mich. The two were out on a date, and Rose several times in relative positions that gave color to his belief that he was an injured man. He wanted to deal out justice for himself, but his friends deterred him, the law stepped in and took the case in hand. But when Rose had been tried for adultery and acquitted, the case was closed. Since then he has been out and then pounded him with a slingshot until his life was despaired of.

TWO FAMOUS CHAMPIONS.

The Newark Pie Biter and the Wilmington Oyster Swallower Want Matches.

[With Portraits.]

We have received formal challenges from two champions in a gustatory, gastronomic or masticatory line. They are the champion pie eater, David Gastacker, and the champion oyster swallower, Tom Stewart. Joseph Stewart, of Wilmington, Del., the champion oyster gobbler. These men bar none in their special lines in the United States or Canada and are ready to contest the championship of the world with anyone who will take up their challenge for any sum of money.

This is all seriousness. Gastacker claims that he can double six pies and take them in at two bites. Anyone who has an idea of competing with him can form an idea from the accurate portrait we present of him which is the extent of his bite and act accordingly in making a match.

Stewart, the champion oyster eater, on the other hand offers to beat himself to eat more bivalves than any man in a given time and does not bar the trick of trying to eat his opponent by dipping them in sugar or popping in spoiled meats on him. He says he has acted on the advice "know thyself." He knows himself to the extent of being "kiss" that he has more capacity of swallow and strength of stomach than any man in Delaware or New York or elsewhere. These challenges are made in the hope that the champions are ready to put up their money with any ambitious pie biter or oyster swallowing novices.

AN OLD TEXT ILLUSTRATED.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A big whale, caught off the coast of Massachusetts, is now on exhibition under canvases on a dock near the Fulton Ferry. On Sunday last an itinerant street preacher, called to the attention of the whale, and gave charge of the monster, made the body of the fish his platform, and preached to a mixed crowd of street loungers, who could raise an admission fee of ten cents, an original homily on life, present and future, as illustrated by the whale. The preacher, who was a white man, He finished his discourse with the story of Jonah and the whale, using a small boy, who was bribed for ten cents to crawl into the mouth of the fish, to prove that fish was had declared this story, in its original form, altogether too fishy for credence.

"This whale is dead," said the preacher, "and hasn't got his awaller. You see how easy it is for the boy to crawl in and out of his mouth. Imagine when that whale was alive and had his awaller, how easy that boy would have gone down into the whale's belly. Now, you see, the whale is dead and the boy is taken up. Thereupon the audience fell in haste, without waiting to be convinced by any more experiments on the "biblical monster."

A LITTLE OF ALL SORTS.

Varied Scraps of News and Scandal from Divers Sources.

MICHAEL SHENK, aged 60, a farmer living near Schaeferstown, Pa., was found hanging by the neck in his barn on the 30th ult. He had taken a large dose of arsenic as a preliminary to the hanging.

A BUFFALO, N. Y., paper has had to make a retraction and ante up \$3,000 to appease the wrath of Miss Kate McCarthy, a public school teacher of that city, whom it stated was on terms of intimacy with Alderman White.

YOUNG DR. Joseph Holt, of Chaplin, Ky., boarded in the same house with Babe Hunter and his young and pretty wife. She delighted in flirting with the doctor, who she led on and on until he made what she regarded as a shocking proposition to her. Then she told her husband and on the 1st inst. he lay in wait behind a stone wall near the house and shot the amorous doctor through the head, killing him instantly.

CHAS. ATHENS, a showman of Decatur, Ill., who has been suffering from what his friends call a hardening of the brain apparently gave up the ghost on the 27th ult. and was laid out by an undertaker. After lying in his coffin two days he sat up in the presence of his watchers, remarked that it was a long time between drinks, got off his shroud, donned his clothes and went to the bar to get a drink. He was up all around for the boys. His trance seemed to have cured his disease for now he is in perfect health.

A TERRIBLE snow slide occurred at Genoa, Nev., on the 18th ult. Tons of snow and ice rushed down the mountain side at night carrying away a dozen families with their occupants. When the snow was dug away from the ruins a man named Mintered and his wife were found dead in their bed half a mile from the site of their house which they had been carried by the avalanche. Seven families who had taken refuge in a large government building have disappeared altogether and no trace of the building is to be found.

A YOTINO man named George Henninghouse, who carries the mail between Bullion and Haly, Idaho, had a thrilling adventure on the 6th ult. Mounted on his shoe he met a pack of mail. Journey had lost his way in the heavy drifts and when night came on found himself bewildered on a high mountain ridge. He thought of resting until morning, when he was suddenly snored into activity by the howls of wolves and a whole pack came down on him. He dashed off but they came up with him and he was snatched by his snow shoe threw him on his face. In his fall the mail bag was flung some distance away and the wolves went for it savagely, tearing it to pieces. Then he got on his feet and reckless of consequences started to slide down the mountain into the valley. He went at a tremendous rate and the wolves came sliding a few rods after him. When he had glided to the level safety he spun away for the light of a miner's cabin and rushed in the door fainting. The wolves were snatched at his heels but a few firebrands flung among them dispersed the pack.

LAW PRACTICE IN LEADVILLE.

A Lawyer Argues a Case With a Policeman and Shoots Him Dead.

[With Portrait.]

Samuel C. Townsend, whose portrait we give in this issue, was up to the 28th ult., one of the most popular officers in Leadville, Colo., where, to say the least, "a policeman's lot is not a happy one." On the date named he was shot and killed by a young lawyer named Sam. The case was a simple one. Townsend, the lawyer over a minor case in one of the police courts in which Early had appeared for a prisoner. From this the men got to casting reflections on each other's maternity at every meeting, and during one of these sessions the lawyer had a quarrel with the alleged canine ancestry formed the burden of the arguments. Early lost his temper, cocked his revolver in his overcoat pocket and fired it without drawing it out. A mob besieged a store where the detectives had taken refuge. The prisoners were released and the lawyer was let off from the gallows. The murderer escaped lynching by getting into the coal bin and covering himself with coal. Townsend was 30 years of age, was born in Vermont, and had a varied experience in the west. He was Sheriff of Rio Grande County, Colorado, two terms, and had been in the territory of Colorado at Alamosa, Colorado, one year. There is no certainty that Early will not be lynched yet, as the feeling is very bitter against him.

SAINTS WHO DARED.

Model Citizens Who Have Played their Friends and the World for Suckers.

TRE BRE, James W. Hall, the minister of the Zion, colored, Methodist church of New York, on Sundays, as a barber on secular days, was arrested one day last week at the residence of his wife, who said he did not support her in the style due to a parson's wife. He proved that the boot was on the other leg. He provided the food, paid the rent, wrote the sermons, shaved the heads, and cooked the food. He was a hard worker while she shopped the job. She then retaliated by saying that he was trying to make a new fashioned parson's himself, spending his money on fast living with queer women and making pastoral visits when his male parishioners were away and carrying his evangelization of the word as far that most of the bibles christened for the past two years have resembled him. The case is a veritable colorful cause celebre and is expected to result in several divorce suits in fashionable colored circles.

FRANCIS J. HARRIS committed suicide at Mount View, N. C., on the 21st inst., by administering to himself a double charge of buckshot from a shot gun. She was the mother of a large family and had become so prominent a member of the Baptist church that she got crazy, and on the 21st inst. she had reached the jumping off place into heaven. So she jumped with the aid of a shot gun. As to where she landed there are no authentic aides at hand.

ROMANCE OF THE FOOTLIGHTS.

Lillian Russell, Tony Pastor's Prima Donna, Roughly Handled by the Gossips.

Miss Lillian Russell failed to appear at the final rehearsals of the "Masquerade" at Tony Pastor's theatre, N. Y., on the 8th inst. and immediately a rumor was set afloat that her private life was in a state of confusion. The young man gifted with wealthy parents but sadly lacking in mental endowments. This youngster has been

plumming himself for some time as the escort of Miss Aubreyville of Doyle Carte's opera troupe and Miss Veronica Jarbeau, the former of whom it was said had consented in marrying him. The parents of Mr. Howell Osborne, the young actor, who when scandalized all these things, were said to have paid a large sum to Miss Aubreyville to secure her emigration hence to England. All parties, including the lady, however, denied these allegations in print. The last affair may be decided in print but it is said to have taken a pronounced turn through Broadway with so pretty a young woman (albeit she has a husband and child) is the greatest compliment to a young man of the calibre of young Osborne.

SHE FOUND HIM OUT.

Why a New York Sport Doesn't Go to the Theatre and His Wife Does.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A prominent New York sporting man has just got himself a peck of trouble through his wife's wiles for the drama. Last season, it seems, he made the acquaintance of a lady well-known in dramatic circles, upon whom he showered favors of a more or less costly nature with a liberal hand. When the company to which she was attached left town, he contrived, from time to time, to meet her at various points, excusing his journeys to his wife upon the plea of business. That estimable lady, albeit, possessed of a jealous and suspicious nature, knew the irregular nature of his business and did not doubt that when he was away he was legitimately employed.

A couple of weeks ago, however, her eyes were opened. The company in which her rival was returned to town and opened at one of our playhouses, where the sport's attentions to her were regular and assiduous. One of the members of the company, evincing of the favorite's conquest, wrote to her admirer's wife, warning her of what was going on.

The result was that that lady traced her recent spouse to the theatre the other evening, followed him to her rival's dressing room, where he was only prevented from creating a supply of sausage meat there by the intervention of the entire corps of stage carpenters. The sport has not been seen since the theatre since, and his friends say he shuts his eyes whenever he goes to the theatre, lest he will occupy a box every night, and starts at her discomfited rival from the beginning to the end of the performance, enjoying her revenge by keeping himself constantly before her as a reminder of her loss.

WHISPERS OF SCANDAL.

Tender Morsels that Mrs. Grundy and the Teal Gossips Enjoy.

BROTHER WILLIAM HEPOWORTH, of the First Baptist Church, of Burlington, Kansas, arose in the covenant meeting on the evening of the 21st inst., and attempted to reveal some wickedness on the part of certain men and female members, whereupon the brethren and sisters went for him and fired him out in a demoralized condition. They don't want any purification process there.

DAVID McILLEAN, who killed Rev. Father McCarthy last December in Greenfield, Mass., has been tried for murder and acquitted. McIllean was a Protestant, and before his wife married him she had been housekeeper for McCarthy at the parochial residence. He alleges that the priest came between him and his wife and inveigled her away from him. He would not marry her until a long time, but he had received a letter from her stating that she was at the priest's dwelling and promising McIllean to go to Boston and live with him. She did not keep her promise, so McIllean went from Boston to Greenfield and called at the parochial residence. Father McCarthy and Father Purcell, his assistant, met the husband at the door and told him to go away, as his wife did not wish to see him. He reported and they both set upon and beat him. He ran and they pursued and knocked him down. He then drew a revolver and shot Father McCarthy dead.

A SKELETON HUNTER.

Ghostly Find of a Couple of Wooden Men in the Woods near Akron, O.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Two farm hands near Akron, O., made a discovery in the woods near that town on the 21st inst., that has aroused much unavailing inquiry. They were working in the woods when one of the men who had decided to clear out a certain piece of woodland as a grove for picnic parties. The two men were engaged in hauling out the brush and fallen timber. It was found necessary to split up one immense trunk before it could be removed. The trunk was split open and the men found there until half covered with earth and decayed leaves.

When the men began to work on it, however, they found it was hollow, and when it was finally split open they found the skeleton of a man. The skeleton was a rusted rifle, a powder flask and the remains of a buckskin hunting dress.

The man had evidently taken refuge in the hollow tree and had there perished. The skeleton must have many years been in the ground, for the "oldest inhabitant" has not the slightest remembrance of the unfortunate skeleton when he was laden with flesh.

A BIG BUNKO GAME.

Charles Francis Adams Falls into the Hands of Swindlers and is Fleeced.

Those dreadful bunko men are furnishing a good part of the crooked items to the papers nowadays. Charles Francis Adams, who got hold of poor old Charles Francis Adams in Boston, and who was a person content with seeing him of all his ready money, got him to endorse three checks for respectively \$17,000, \$1,000, and \$250. The old man is a little "off his head," being 76 years old and in poor health. He had \$15,000 in the bank to his credit, when these checks were endorsed, the bank officers at once notified Mr. Adams' secretary that his account had been overdrawn. The rogues had calculated that his relatives would pay any sum rather than have an exposure. They reckoned without their host, however, for the detective agency on the track and arrested one J. S. Morrison on the 10 A. M. train, on the 6th inst., as he was about to leave for New York. He said the money had been won at a gambling game, and he frankly confessed that he did not think Mr. Adams knew what he was doing, and that when these checks were endorsed, the bank officers at once notified Mr. Adams' secretary that his account had been overdrawn. The rogues had calculated that his relatives would pay any sum rather than have an exposure.



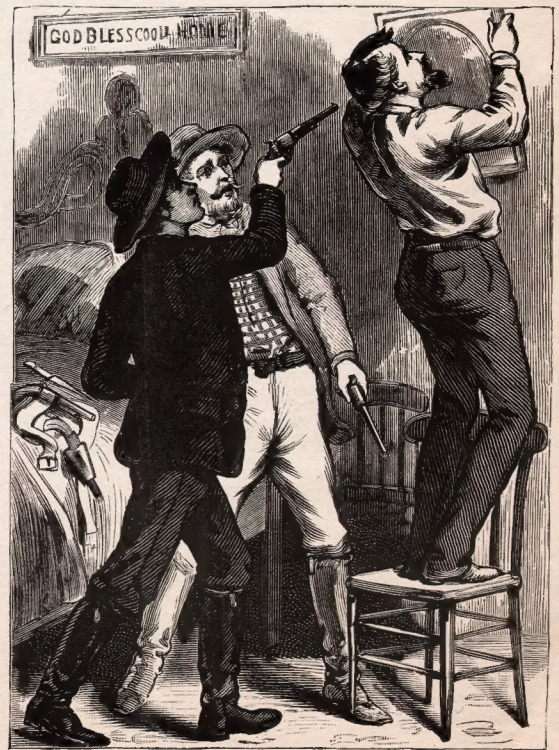
A ROW IN THE RING.

AN ELOPING WIFE JOINS A CIRCUS WITH HER LOVER, AND THE SHOW IS RAIDED IN TEXAS BY THE FURIOUS HUSBAND AND HIS COW-BOY FRIENDS, WHO CARRY OFF THE FAIR EQUESTRIENNE.



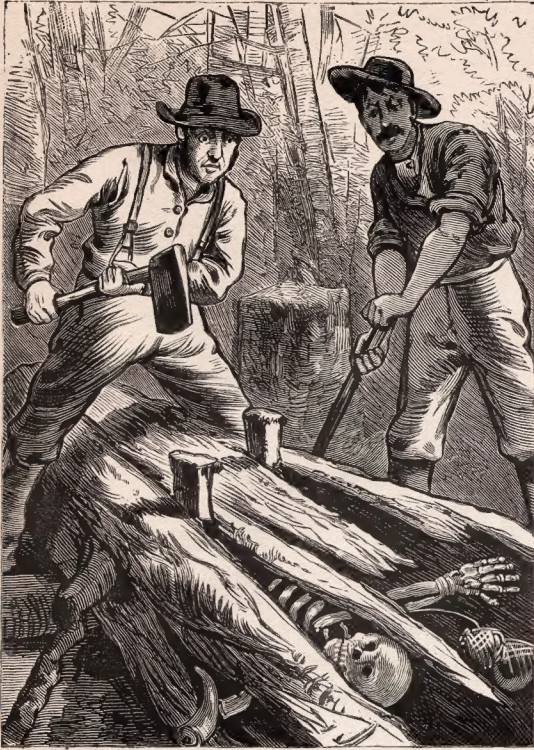
JESSE JAMES, THE BANDIT.

KILLED BY HIS PAL, BOB FORD, ON THE 3D INST., AT ST. JOSEPH, MO.
[From a Portrait taken expressly for the POLICE GAZETTE.]



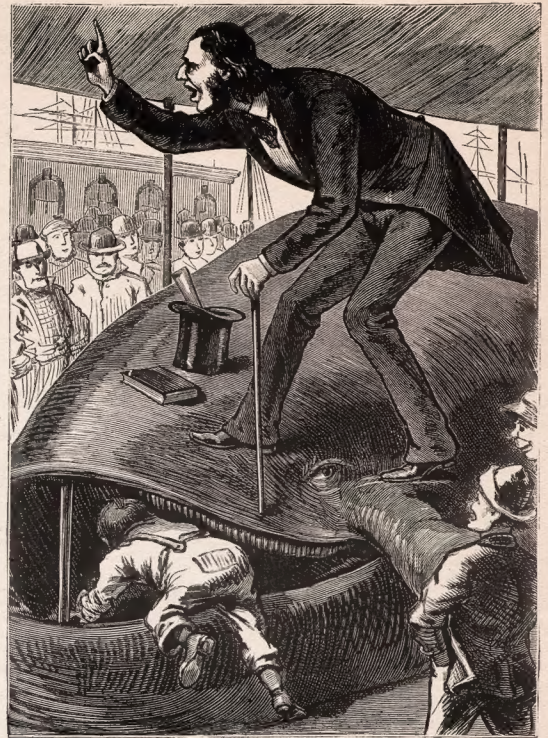
JESSE JAMES' MURDER.

BOB FORD, THE BANDIT'S FRIEND, TREACHEROUSLY SLAYS HIM IN HIS OWN HOUSE,
AT ST. JOSEPH, MO.



A SKELETON HUNTER.

TWO FARM HANDS MAKE A HORRIBLE DISCOVERY WHILE SPLITTING A HOLLOW LOG IN THE WOODS NEAR ARBON, O.



A SERMON ON THE WHALE.

A NEW YORK STREET PREACHER ILLUSTRATES AN OLD TEXT ON AN EAST RIVER PIER, ASSISTED BY DARING STREET URBCHINS.



MUSIC HAS CHARMS TO SOOTHE THE SAVAGE BREAST.

HOW A FAVORITE SERIO-COMIO MADE A CONQUEST OF BARBARIC SUSCEPTIBILITIES AND HELPED THE NOBLE RED MAN TO PUT DOWN THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC AT YANKTON, DAKOTA.

A DASTARD'S DEED.

The Bold Bandit, Jesse James, Assassinated by One of His Gang.

The Famed Desperado Shot from Behind by a Man Whom He had Befriended.

[With Portrait and Illustration.]

The citizens of St. Joseph, Mo., were thrown into a great flutter on the 3d inst. by the rumor that the notorious bandit Jesse James had been assassinated that morning by a member of his band in a cottage just outside the town, where he and his wife had lived for some time. With him resided Robert and Chas. Ford, members of his gang. Chas. had lived in St. Joseph since last November, but Robert did not arrive from the east until a few days before the tragedy.

On the morning of the 3d inst. the three were preparing to go on one of those raids which have made the name of Jesse James a terror and James, and the two brothers were in a room alone with him. The bandit had taken off his pistol belt and had stepped on a chair to brush some dust from a picture. The brothers had determined to kill their friend and get the reward and this was their chance.

They exchanged glances and silently stepped between the pistols and their victim. Both drew their pistols. The click of the hammers fell on the ear of Jesse and he was turning his head evidently to see what caused the warning sound when Robert sent a bullet crashing through his brain. The murdered bandit fell backward without a cry and rolled in his death agony on the floor.

Jesse's wife, who was in the next room, ran in and saw the two brothers scaling the fence and making off. She immediately began to breathe his last a few minutes after he was in their hands.

Some skeptical persons who are aware of Jesse's grim, loathsome habit of fixing up a corpse to resemble himself in order that he may get the reward for his own death, as has occurred several times before, are very cautious in receiving this story, although James' wife declares that the body is that of the robber chief and his mother corroborates her statement.

The old lady was very bitter about the men who had betrayed her favorite son. She contended that the man with which the deed had been done was a present to Robert Ford from Jesse. As she was passing out of the court room on the 4th inst. with the two orphan children of the brigand she met Dick Little, a close associate of Jesse's, and she told him that she was anxious, and presenting the children to him she told them to look at the false friend and betrayer of their father and add many choice recriminations suggested by her frantic grief.

She glared at him with the fury of a tigress. "Traitor! traitor! traitor!" she cried, "God will send vengeance on you. You are the cause of all this. Oh, you villain, I would rather be in my poor boy's place than in yours."

She afterwards called on the Fords who were placed in the jail for safety after giving themselves up, and had an excited scene with them. Little received a letter from James last week stating that he was doomed and that Jesse would never be content until he had made him a corpse. The coroner's jury found that they had taken the body of the real Simon pure Jesse James this time and no doubt.

The Ford brothers claim that they are detectives and that they joined the band and participated with the robber in many of his lawless deeds in order that they might get the great reward which was offered him. This proving impracticable after many attempts they finally concluded to kill him and claim the reward. Robert, who did the killing, is a boyish looking young fellow, aged 22, and says that he had an understanding with Gov. Crittenden that he would be pardoned. Jesse James was the son of a Baptist clergyman of Kentucky and was educated with his younger brother Frank, now reformed and residing respectfully in Texas under an assumed name, at Georgetown College, Ky. In 1868 Jesse and Frank, then 17 and 18 years of age, where he led the life of a farmer in addition to performing duty as a Baptist minister to a small congregation. Jesse James' father died in 1848 and his widow married Dr. Reuben Samuels of Clay County, Missouri. When the doctor died in 1860, Jesse was attacked by Union men and he was severely beaten by the mob. His step sons Jesse and Frank in revenge began a life of lawlessness. They joined Quantrell's guerrillas and were the most ferocious of that class of troops of Missouri.

In 1865 the band was broken up by the killing of Quantrell in a fight with United States troops and the James boys returned to their mother's house where they lived peacefully for some time.

But the old spirit of lawless adventure was still in them. In 1868 they met at the Lexington, Ky., races the Younger brothers and George Sheppard, who had been their comrades with Quantrell. On their way home the party of friends visited Russellville, robbed the bank of \$14,000 and fled to Texas.

For a time they lived in peace in Missouri farm, improving it with their ill gotten wealth.

In the spring of 1870, however, they and the Youngers got their band of guerrillas together again and made a slashing raid into Iowa. As a consequence of this raid they were driven to the Missouri river, dismounted at the bank, entered with drawn revolvers, intimidated the cashier, cleaned out the safe, emptied ten thousand dollars into a meat sack and rode away with it. Three months after the two James boys and the four Younger brothers returned to the farm in Kentucky and in the afternoon rode over to Columbus, cleaned out the bank, shot the cashier and rode away to their hiding place in the Cumberland mountains in safety, although the country was aroused and armed parties were scouting for them.

The gang lay quiet for a time after this to enjoy their wealth but came to the front again in a startling manner on Sept. 26, 1872. On that date there was an immense attendance at the Missouri state fair at Kansas City, Mo. There were 100,000 people present and the James and Younger boys. The money taken in at the fair this one day was enormous in amount and the robbers cut covetous eyes on it.

While a sensational tour was in progress between Kansas Allen and the Youngers, the attention of the throng was drawn to this event the

bandits rode up to the office of the fair ground and found Mr. Hall, the treasurer of the fair association, counting his money. They covered him with their pistols and seized the receipts of the day, amounting to \$100,000, and galloped away.

The next turned their attention to train robbery. It was in June, 1873, they made their first attempt in this direction at Council Bluffs on the Rock Island road. They took up a rail, throwing the train off the track, killing the engineer and conductor and making a haul of the passengers. Then they went through the express car and rode off each laden with a fortune in specie, bank bills and gold bricks. A large reward was offered for their apprehension but they found safety in their hands in the Indian country.

After this the bandit James assumed himself with a number of profitable stage robberies. In Jan., 1874, the band appeared at Glad's Hill, Mo., on the Iron Mountain, road, flagged a train, boarded it and got away with \$11,000 from the express and all the money and some valuables of the passengers.

This was too much; so the railroad and express companies combined to hunt Jesse down. They engaged Pinkerton, who sent a detachment of detectives to spy on the robbers. One of these, Louis Weidner, a very brave and energetic fighter, was sent to the band, disguised as a German emigrant. The morning after he had started on his mission his dead body with seven bullet wounds in it was found suspended to a tree. There was pinned on the breast a scrap of paper on which was written: "This is the body of the man who Pinkerton's detectives who came into Missouri."

This was discouraging but the band of men sent by Pinkerton to do this work were all bold, daring men and were commanded by Louis P. Lull, a good organizer and a desperate fighter. He conceived the idea of a campaign and finally succeeded in tracking James and the Youngers to the Morganwood farm in southwestern Missouri where the bandits were beset in a log house in which they had taken refuge. A desperate battle was fought and the bandit James was killed. The body was illustrated by our artist on another page. In the course of the fight detective Lull was mortally wounded and sheriff Daniel S. Clair, county Mo., was killed outright. The attack was a failure and the assassin was shot dead by the band.

The robbers had one killed, John Younger, while James Younger was seriously wounded. The band then escaped to their favorite haunt in Texas and the detectives' campaign was declared a failure.

In Jan., 1875, the detectives hearing that the James boys had returned to their mother's house, surrounded it at night and before making an assault threw a hand grenade into one of the windows. The mother of the robbers had her right hand torn off by the explosion of the shell and her little son by her second husband was killed.

At the same time they were robbing a railroad train on the Kansas Pacific road, getting \$25,000 in gold dust. Then in quick succession they cleaned out a bank in Huntington, West Va., and another railroad train, resulting from the express sale on the latter \$15,000 in gold.

On Sept. 7, 1875, the band rode into Northfield, Minn., and took in the bank after their usual style, in broad daylight. The cashier refused to open the vault and James threatened him with a pistol. When he refused to get out of the town after this they had a lively fight with the citizens. Two of their number were killed outright and all three of the Youngers were surrounded and captured.

The James boys although also wounded escaped to Des Moines. Then the younger thought it time to change his life and settle down, but Jesse did not reform a cent. On the contrary he was worse than ever, forming a new band and continuing his raids on the railroad and banks. He was shot and killed by a posse of the people of Missouri. His deeds with in the past three years have been fully detailed to the readers of the POLICE GAZETTE. We are assured that this time the bandit is dead beyond a doubt, but should not be so sure. He has a brother, John, who is another letter next week informing us of his continued good health and his willingness to die again and again for the same money reward.

As for the Fords, they are in a ticklish position and likely to be arrested from the most unexpected corner should they attempt to show themselves.

The train bearing the remains of the bandit in the charge of his mother and a guard furnished by the authorities arrived at Kearney, Mo., at 1 A.M. on the 6th inst. It was met by an immense crowd of curious folk. The body was taken into the Sheriff's hotel where it was viewed by the throng. The passenger trains passing through the town during the morning were all stopped long enough to allow the passengers to alight and view the body of the famous bandit. The body was laid out in the day at the funeral church and there the funeral service was preached by the Rev. J. M. P. Martin. At 1 P.M. the remains were taken to the farm of Mrs. Samuels, four miles distant, for interment. The citizens for many miles around followed the body in a long procession. First came a rough wagon with the corpse, next the family of the deceased, then a troop of mounted officers and last a wagon provided by the authorities for the press. An immense crowd in wagons and on horseback brought the body to the farm. The funeral was held at 2 P.M. and the body was buried in the family vault. The train bearing the remains of the bandit in the charge of his mother and a guard furnished by the authorities arrived at Kearney, Mo., at 1 A.M. on the 6th inst. It was met by an immense crowd of curious folk. The body was taken into the Sheriff's hotel where it was viewed by the throng. The passenger trains passing through the town during the morning were all stopped long enough to allow the passengers to alight and view the body of the famous bandit. The body was laid out in the day at the funeral church and there the funeral service was preached by the Rev. J. M. P. Martin. At 1 P.M. the remains were taken to the farm of Mrs. Samuels, four miles distant, for interment. The citizens for many miles around followed the body in a long procession. First came a rough wagon with the corpse, next the family of the deceased, then a troop of mounted officers and last a wagon provided by the authorities for the press. An immense crowd in wagons and on horseback brought the body to the farm. The funeral was held at 2 P.M. and the body was buried in the family vault.

Sheriff Timberlake had heard that Frank James was present to view the remains of his brother and therefore had insisted on being one of the pall bearers, assisted by a strong armed force, with the intention of capturing or killing the surviving bandit. At the grave Mrs. Samuels turned to the sheriff and said: "John, I know you can see that I am not here to make my last look at the poor boy whom you have so cruelly murdered? When you get your reward think of me. It is blood money—blood money! Mr. Reed, didn't I beg you to let my poor boy live?"

Timberlake, the armed pall bearer, replied: "Mrs. Samuels, you are ever in my mind. I will give you my last cent; but I'll never flinch where my duty is concerned."

"Your duty?" exclaimed Mrs. Samuels. "You killed my poor boy for money!"

Timberlake was very violent against the Sheriff and after cursing him fell to a faint at the grave's side as they were lowering the coffin. Mrs. Samuels insisted on the coffin being opened and the remains examined before the interment. She stated that she had seen the body of her son even when he had been covered over expressed her fears that the body would be

mutated. A solid wall of plank was built over the coffin and then stone was carefully placed in on top of it. Beliefs of armed men watch the grave day and night. Jesse's widow is left penniless. The bandit had large quantities of money and valuables, but never revealed to her his hiding places. The search for this money through coming years will probably be as popular as the quest for Captain Kidd's treasure has been in the east for half a century.

Bob Ford found himself in a tight place and with difficulties increasing. His disgust is manifest. He says if he had known that he was going to be thrown into jail and treated like a criminal he would never have shot Jesse James. And instead of growing better his outlook is becoming daily darker. News was received while in the cell that his brother, John, was in Wood Hill, brother of Clarence Hite, now in the penitentiary for participation in the Winston train robbery, was found on the date named at Richmond, Mo. Hite was shot through the head and buried by Bob Ford and killed at the same time as the Ford men. Both Little and Ford will be tried for the murder.

MIXED FACTS AND FANCIES.

Odds and Ends of News, Gossip and Scandal From All Sources.

CHAR. ROBERT, a German who has only recently arrived in this country and cannot speak English, was arrested in Aurora, Ill., on the 31st ult., charged by his uncle with having outraged a little girl aged five years.

A RUSSIAN has spread about Nanticoke, Pa., that Mrs. Mills, a white woman, was caught a short time since in amorous dalliance with a good looking mulatto blacksmith of the town who is famous as a guitar player and sweet singer. The lady's husband denies the story but the women folks of the town wouldn't have it. On the 31st ult. the police of the town in progress in town, Mrs. Mills entered with her husband and all the women present were for their bonnets and retired in a body. Charley Logan, the mulatto thus honored, says, "If a cream colored nigger can make such a row as this, what will black boys do?" The police of the town are strumming his guitar and gurgling sentimental melodies.

A DANGEROUS INMATE in the Dayton Insane Asylum named Joseph Drummond had a furious spell on the 30th ult. and was thrust into a cell with Daniel O'Connell, a man whose insanity was of a mild form. The next morning when the cell was opened it was found that Drummond had passed the night in desperate battle and that the murderous maniac had been killed in self-defense by the milder patient. The corpse was horribly mutilated. The coroner's jury found the officers of the asylum censurable and there the matter ends.

SOME months since a gang of conspirators from the city of Memphis, Tenn., were captured in a rendezvous and captured, only one man succeeding in breaking away and the leader, John B. Wyatt. This individual was tracked to Texas and captured in the city of Austin on the 20th ult. He is said to be the most skillful counterfeiter who has ever operated in this country.

BETWEEN 2 AND 3 A.M. on the 31st ult. a band of sixteen vigilantes quietly took from the jail at Pueblo, Colo., the chief of the police, Charles H. Smith, and Jay W. McCreary, and hung them to a tree near the building. Leaving their victims hanging the vigilantes rode ten miles away to Christine's ranch, where they made a dash at 3:30 A.M., capturing S. P. Christine, Berry Christine and Frank Dewey. These men were tied behind the backs and the mounted mob drove them before them to a patch of timber a short distance away where they were hanged without a word of explanation. This leaves only one of the horse thief gang living.

A NICE STORY OF PERSON.

A Pueblo Lover, Cast off by His Mistress, Steals Her Baby and Leaves Town.

A variety woman named Millie Eugene, who does the fire eating business in the Comique at Pueblo, Colo., fell in love with a young man named Charles Waterstead in 1891, who admired her graceful method of bolting live coals and breathing flames so that he sued for the privilege of sharing her lot and having her support him. This Millie undertook to do.

The arrangement was made for a year, but when the expiration of that time Millie began to weaken and tried to shake her lover. He wouldn't have it however and when she flirted with other young men and finally had a baby (a most irregular and untimely proceeding on her part, as the doctor says) she was told to leave him. She was told to leave him for a year, but when the expiration of that time Millie began to weaken and tried to shake her lover. He wouldn't have it however and when she flirted with other young men and finally had a baby (a most irregular and untimely proceeding on her part, as the doctor says) she was told to leave him. She was told to leave him for a year, but when the expiration of that time Millie began to weaken and tried to shake her lover. He wouldn't have it however and when she flirted with other young men and finally had a baby (a most irregular and untimely proceeding on her part, as the doctor says) she was told to leave him. 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A Fizzle, a Wrangle, a Probable Lawsuit and Several New Matches the Record of a Week.

the \$1,000 stakes he held in their match. Sweeney was present, accompanied by his backer, Frank Stevenson, and his trainer, George Holden. Donahue did not appear, but Dick Hollywood, his

blows, and imagining that there were three Sullivan' in the ring, immediately caved. I will wager \$2,000 that Ryan did not sell out. His own friends offered me \$4,000 to "fix" Sullivan, in order that his antagonis-

JOHN B., Providence, R. I.—I. John Theurer, of

N. B.—All correspondents will please write the name

of their locality and state when they require information. Many neglect this and their questions are consequently not answered.



MINNIE HAUK.

[Photo. by Mora.]

Minnie Hauk.

A New York girl by birth, this charming singer and actress has won fame abroad as well as at home as one of the leading lights of legitimate opera of the present generation. During her recent seasons in this country under Manager Mapleson, Miss Hauk has added not little to her laurels. The quality of her voice, aided by the spirit and intelligence of her dramatic methods, combine to establish her at an enviable eminence in the most exacting of professions which she has chosen for her own. Few prima donnas who have come among



EBEN PLYMPTON.

[Photo by Mora.]

us have gained as many friends, artistically and socially, as this daughter of the metropolis whose name belongs among the distinguished ones of the lyric drama.

Mr. G. N. Moon.

The dangers of holding office in the wild regions of the west and southwest are many, beyond the experience of the office-seekers of more civilized quarters. Lucky is the official who is able to go through his duties there, not only with credit but with life. Such a one, however, is Mr. G. N. Moon, the City Marshal of Silver City, New Mexico. His exploits and hairbreadth escapes would make an interesting romance. One of his principal achievements was the following of a couple of desperadoes through to Arizona and capturing them single-handed, together with the stock they had stolen. Moon is no "slouch" in a fight, and all the lawbreakers know it and give him a wide berth accordingly. One such man is better than a battery of artillery in that wild country.

Eben Plympton.

A Bostonian by birth, this able young actor made his debut upon the stage in California.



OFFICER SAM'L C. TOWNSEND,

whither the pursuit of health had driven him some years ago. He played small parts with success, gradually but steadily advancing until his abilities secured him recognition among the leading men of our stage. His support of Miss Neilson during her last tour of the United States established his position. At present he forms one of the splendid company gathered at the Madison Square Theatre, in this city. As an actor Mr. Plympton is justly regarded among the most promising of the younger members of his profession, and his future is a bright and promising one.



G. N. MOON,

DEPUTY SHERIFF OF SILVER CITY, N. M.

MURDERED BY A LAWYER AT LEADVILLE, COLO.



A DUEL BY TORCHLIGHT.

A DECEIVED HUSBAND PURSUES HIS ELOPING WIFE AND HER LOVER TO THEIR HIDING PLACE IN A CAVE IN NORTHERN ALABAMA, AND ENGAGES IN A DESPERATE FIGHT WITH THE BETRAYER.



ROPED INTO DEFEAT.

HOW A NATATORIAL DAMSEL AIDED HER CHAMPION BY SECRETLY DETAINING HIS ANTAGONIST IN A BOAT RACE AT SAVANNAH, GA.

of the uprising on the 23d ult. of the citizens of Rawlins, Wyoming, against the desperadoes who made the town a sort of headquarters and who were daily growing bolder in their deeds of robbery and lawlessness. A leader among these desperadoes was Captain Jim Lacy, whose portrait we give in this issue, so the vigilantes, unwilling to await the slow processes of the law, hanged him, Bob Red-

An Artful Counterfeiter.

Daniel Rossa, whose portrait we give in this issue, was sentenced on the 20th ult. to six years' hard labor in the Auburn, N. Y., state prison for counterfeiting silver dimes with which for over a year he has been flooding the tills of the small grocery stores in New York and Brooklyn. He was run down through the



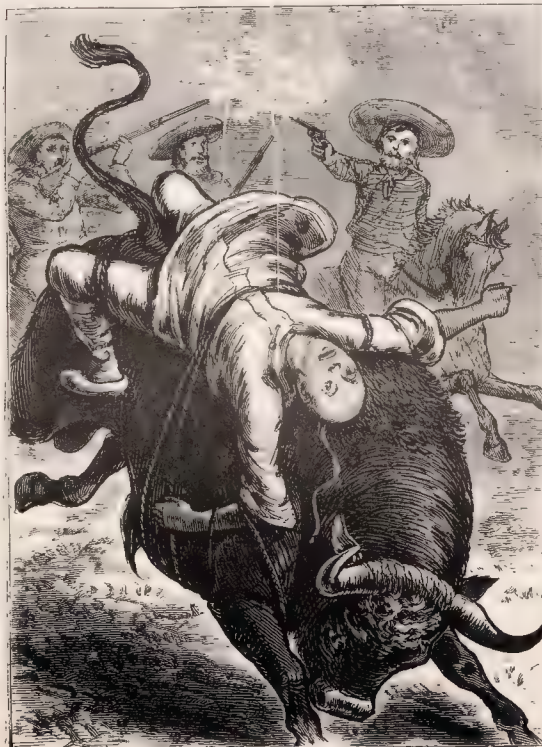
EDWARD PETERS,
SENTENCED TO DEATH FOR CHILD-MURDER
AT MANSONVILLE, CANADA.

Child Murderers Sentenced.

In November last a seven year old boy who had been adopted by a couple, man and wife named Edward and Clara Peters, living at Mansonville, Canada, died under circumstances that led to an investigation. It was found that the child had been tortured, roasted on a red-hot stove, compelled to live in filth and finally starved to death. The boy was a town charge and the murderers were paid for keeping him. When these revelations were made the fiendish couple, whose portraits we give in this issue, escaped over the border to Troy, Vt., but were given up to the Canadians. The trial was finished on the 28th ult. Edward Peters was sentenced to be hanged at Sweetaburgh, Canada, on April 28th and his wife goes to the penitentiary for ten years.

Lynched by Vigilantes.

Our readers are acquainted with the details



BULLY FOR AH SIN.

HOW A TEXAS CHINAMAN WAS TREATED TO A FREE RIDE, AND THE EQUESTRIAN
EXPLOITS OF THE FEMALE MAZEPPAS OF THE STAGE OUTDONE IN REAL LIFE.

click and Billy Carter, his pals, to a tree in town and then posted up the names of the suspected parties and bad characters, male and female, whom they wished to leave. In twenty-four hours not one of the persons named remained and now Rawlins is purified, is a decent, law-abiding place fit for respectable people to live in.

Intelligence of the secret service officers under the personal direction of Mr. Drummond.

When brought up in the U. S. Circuit Court Judge Benedict recognized the prisoner as an old offender who had been tried on a charge of counterfeiting seventeen years ago. He was then arrested with Ulrich, the counterfeiter, and several others who carried on their



MRS. CLARA PETERS,
IMPRISONED FOR CHILD-MURDER, OF MANSONVILLE, CANADA.

work in a little house in a clump of woods at New Utrecht, L. I. Thirty thousand dollars worth of fractional currency was captured with the prisoners at the time, including Rossa's son whose duty it was to roam the woods in a hunting rig and with a shot gun, pretending to be out shooting birds. When anyone approached the house he would discharge the gun to give the inmates warning. Rossa served a term of several years for this offence but as soon as he got out went at the work again. His counterfeiters were passed about in the court room and every one of twenty persons who examined them declared they were genuine. The New York grocers and small shopkeepers have cause to be jubilant that Drummond has relieved their profit and loss account of this incubus.

IDA SMITH, of Grand Rapids, Michigan couldn't stand a reproof from her mother and took arsenic.



CAPT. JIM LACY,
HANGED BY A VIGILANCE COMMITTEE AT RAWLINS, WYOMING.



DANIEL ROSSA,
AN ABBOTT COUNTERFEITER, CAPTURED IN
BROOKLYN, L. I.

SPORTING NEWS.

GONE TO HIS DOOM!

The Outlaw Brothers, Frank and Jesse James.

The career of these daring highwaymen, whose cruel murders and many crimes have made the mere mention of their names a terror to law-abiding citizens, is full of romance. This is a story of a project which is being carried out containing many novel details and a complete account of the killing and funeral.

Killing and Funeral.

Of Jesse James, the greatest outlaw on the American continent, by his traitorous followers. He is pre-eminently the boss book of the year. Superbly illustrated with portraits and thirty splendid engravings made by the first artists on the spot. Retail Price, 25c.

BELMONT PARK will hang out \$5,000 in purses for the spring meeting.

THE chestnut gelding Josephus, by Green's Bachel record 2:30, will probably be handled by J. H. Phillips, lease of Suffolk Park, this season.

THE North London Rowing Club of Hammersmith on the Thames has extended an invitation to the Hillside crew to make its clubhouse its headquarters.

AT Montana recently Con Orem defeated Frank Mason, of St. Louis, in a glove contest for \$300 a side. Orem knocked Mason out in nine rounds lasting twelve minutes.

AT Bath, Me., on April 1 Christopher Toole, of Bangor, Me., defeated Daniel Brillant, of Bath, Me., in a 15-mile walking match for \$200. Toole walked the distance in 2 hr. 20 min.

G. S. COZINE, of 417 Union street, Brooklyn, offers to wage \$100 that he can drive more miles in 24 hours than any man living. He claims he can drive 2,200 miles a white pine plank in 24 hours.

THE London *Sporting Life* says: "Alfred Greenfield, of Birmingham, informs us that it is his intention to sail for America for the first time with the intention of making a match to fight Sullivan, the American champion."

THOMAS SWEENEY returned to New Haven, Conn., on the 8th inst., but was not expected to meet either match with Ross or Maudslow. He visited his friends and was attacked by a gang of Donahue's sailors and badly cut and beaten.

ARTHUR HANCOCK, the English champion pedestrian, has gone back to England. He claims there are no prospects of arranging a race in this country that there is no money for him in England. He left for Halifax, N. S., last Monday.

THE "Queen's Cup" won by the yacht America, has been presented to the New York Yacht Club. Under the deed of gift it is enjoined that the contests shall be yacht against yacht, but allows the club to select a yacht to defend on the morning of the race.

OLD BILL TOWNE, the Methuselah of the prize ring and the pet of the fans, will be in New York City to be tendered a benefit at Harry Hill's on Thursday afternoon, April 20. Every sporting man should assist in making it a grand success. All the talent will appear.

H. V. BREMS, of Chicago, Ill., will leave for Europe on May 6. On April 29 he will sell all his prize-winning horses at a public sale at the Little Brown Jug, Sorrel Dan, Silverton, Fred Douglas, Hardwood, Ned Hunter, Mambrino Sturges and Mambrino Southern.

WE have received a communication from Noah Mackeson, the noted Philadelphia sporting man, who has been in the city for some time. He says that the POLICE GAZETTE office will match a man to run him 75 or 100 yards or he will arrange both races for any amount he may name. The races to be run in New York, Philadelphia or Chicago. Here is an opportunity for Haggin.

ON April 1 James H. Hocking, of Co. R, 12th Regiment, walked a mile in 26.25 seconds. Athletic games of the 13th Regiment N. Y. S. N. Y. The time is said to be correct, and the track, which was thirteen laps to the mile, fully surveyed. Hocking's time is the best on record, and it is only 51 seconds behind the world's record—49.25, made by William Perkins.

ALEX. McDONALD's racing stable for 1932 will be:

Idler, br h (aged), by Imp Australian, dam Nanette Bitter.

Crisge, ch g (6), by Imp Backden, dam Ethel Sprague.

Dan Scott, ch g (5), by Report, dam Linda Peyton.

Faith, blk f (4), by Imp Sacor or Moccasin, dam Felicity.

By the latest advices from England we learn that Hanlan defeated Boyd just as easily as he did Hawdon, Elliott, Trickett and Laycock. He won the race, waded the mile and rowed the three miles 58.7 yards in 21m. 25s. Boyd was beaten after the first mile was rowed. Boyd's time was 21m. 35s. When Hanlan beat Elliott he rowed the same course in 21m. 35s.

ARTHUR BIRD, of Jeffersonville, N. Y., formerly consul-general of the United States at Port of Spain, Hayti, has finished two large oil paintings of the Ryan and Sullivan prize fight. The pictures are copied from the POLICE GAZETTE illustrations and will make capital saloon or bar room pictures. They are exhibited at the POLICE GAZETTE's miniature sporting picture gallery.

ON March 22 near London, Eng., E. Harnatty, of Fulham, and Peter Bristol, Clerkenwell, fought according to the rules of the London Prize Ring for £30. Twenty-six rounds were fought in 30m. 25s., when Harnatty won. Bristol had for his seconds a Birmingham champion and Jeremiah Massey, whilst his opponent looked after by Barney and Randall. Bristol stands 5 feet 7 inches in height, weighs 145 pounds and is 25 years of age. Harnatty is 25 years of age, stands 5 feet 6 inches in height and weighs 125 pounds.

DAN ELDRED, alias Yankee Dan, the well known light-weight who a dozen years ago fought Harry Burts and Charley Welch round "turn-ups," and defeated Dick Laddie, Ed McCahey and the unknown Jimmy Tannhill in the ring, has been located at To-Jono, Ill., the past year and as conductor on the 4, 7 & 10.

W. R. R. on Nov. 25 he fell from his train, injuring his spine so badly that he has been confined to his room three months. He is able to walk around a little but will never recover.

WE have received a forfeit of \$25 from Steve Burke, of St. Elmo, Cal., with the following challenge:

ST. ELMO, CAL., April 10, 1932.

TO THE Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE: I hereby challenge any man in the State of California to fight \$25 a side, with or without gloves, according to the rules of the London prize ring for from \$100 to \$300, John McKinnin preferred. As proof that I mean business I enclose you \$25 forfeit money. This challenge to remain open for three weeks from date of publication.

W. J. JENNINGS, the noted turfman, is training the following horses which comprise his racing stable:

Gleamcore h b (aged), by Imp Glen Athol, dam Lotta. Smoothwatha b h (4), by Hlawatha, dam Rapidan. Fairwell f b (3), by Dan, dam Egan.

Infanta b f (3), by King Alfonso, dam Queen Victoria.

Cordova b g (3), by King Alfonso, dam Crucifix.

Vulcan ch g (3), by Vigil, dam Salie Farrell.

Infanta b f (3), by Dan, dam Egan.

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Worcesters and Atlantic third base, Frank Hutchinson, manager, and from last season in his capacities as an Amateur and National center field, Steve Brady, Hartford and Metropolitan right field, Ed Kennedy, Utica and Metropolitan. The club will be provided with two uniforms, for practice and for dress. The former will consist of light gray flannel, the blue stock, brown leather shoes and each player will be distinguished by caps of different well-defined colors. The dress suit will be white flannel, and the shirts, which are imported, are Foxhall's colors, white ground with blue small polka dots. The rest of the uniform same as for practice.

JUDGING from the appearance of things there is no prospect of another prize fight between two Brooklyn aspirants for the title. Recently, Alexander Brown, of the 8th ward, Brooklyn, posted \$25 forfeit with Richard K. Fox at this office, and left the following day to fight Larry Tracy, a rising young middleweight prize fighter.

I, Alexander Brown, of the 8th ward, Brooklyn, challenge Leonard Tracey, of the 7th ward of the same city, to fight me with small hard gloves at a date hereafter to be agreed upon, for \$20 a side or more. This forfeit stands good for thirty days, and I will meet Tracy at the POLICE GAZETTE office any day he may name.

ALEXANDER BROWN.

ON April 5, John P. Canty, of Brooklyn, accompanied by Larry Tracy and several sporting men, covered Brown's forfeit and left the following challenge:

NEW YORK, April 6, 1932.

TO THE Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:

SIR: I accept the challenge of Aleck Brown, of Brooklyn, to fight me with hard gloves, and will meet him at the POLICE GAZETTE office on Friday, April 21, between the hours of 12 and 2 P. M., to sign articles to fight with hard gloves according to the new rules of the London Prize Ring, for \$200 to \$300 a side. To prove I mean business I have posted \$25, the amount Brown posted as forfeit.

Yours truly, LEONARD TRACEY.

WE now hold \$20 on behalf of the above match, and judging from the business-like manner in which the pugilists and their backers have opened the ball, we judge it is more than probable that the match will take place.

RECENTLY, at the POLICE GAZETTE office, Richard K. Fox, the stakeholder in the match between Thomas Donahue, of New Haven, Conn., and Tom Sweeney, of Wolverhampton, Eng., paid the \$1,000 stake to Sweeney and his backer, Frank Stevenson. Donahue's backers threatened to institute legal proceedings if the money was not paid to them by the time the fight gave up the stake, \$1,000 to Sweeney, saying he deserved the forfeiture of the whole sum to him for having demonstrated his good faith in making the match. Still so said, Mr. Fox said, he would award the money and abide the consequences of what he considered his fair action in the premises. He did not intend to engage in bogus matches or tricks on the public; he held the stakes for a fight and not for a match at wrestling and fudging an agreement. Sweeney has been present on the ground and ready to fight for the stakes, while Donahue after due warning of the consequences had voluntarily absented himself. This was child's play and Mr. Fox proposed to demonstrate that he was not the man to connive at any such irregularities in the prize ring.

He had no intention of being taken in by the fall pretenses of stakeholder and awarded the money to Sweeney as his right.

Sweeney after receiving the stakes left at the POLICE GAZETTE office a forfeit of \$100 with the following challenge:

NEW YORK, April 6, 1932.

TO THE Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:

SIR: Please state that I am ready to fight any man in America according to the rules of the London prize ring with small hard gloves at a date hereafter to be agreed upon, for \$20 a side. I will meet any pugilist who may be desirous of making a match at the POLICE GAZETTE office on Friday, April 21, to post another \$100 and sign articles.

THOMAS SWEENEY, of Wolverhampton, Eng.

ANOTHER prize fight has been arranged. Owen Sweeney and James Weeden, two noted pugilists of Pittsburg, Pa., have posted \$200 a side to the POLICE GAZETTE and signed the following articles of agreement:

"Articles of Agreement entered into this 31 day of April, 1932, between Owen Maloney and James Weeden, both men of the city of Pittsburg, Pa., and John P. Canty, of the city of New York, and the said James Weeden agree to fight a stand up fight according to the new rules of the London prize ring by which the said Owen Maloney and the said James Weeden hereby agree to be bound.

The fight to take place in the State of New York, on the 14th day of the month of June, 1932, at 12 o'clock A. M., unless otherwise mutually agreed upon by the principals. In case of managerial interference the referee or principals themselves to agree to the next time and place of meeting, and on the same day of the month. Each principal to select and appoint two selected men to choose a referee the day before the fight. The decision of the referee to be final and no appeal to be made from said decision. The man absent from the ring on said date and hour to forfeit all stakes to the man present. The stakes to be placed in the hands of the POLICE GAZETTE, as a forfeit. One hundred dollars (\$100) a side to be placed in the hands of said Richard K. Fox (the stakeholder) on Monday, April 10, 1932.

Witness: JOHN P. CANTY, of New York, and Richard K. Fox on each succeeding Monday till the full amount is deposited in the hands of said Richard K. Fox. The man failing to deposit his money according to said date to forfeit the money deposited at the date of his failure to put up.

The man winning the choice of battle ground to give the other seven days' notice.

Witness: THOMAS MURRAY, for James WEEDEN.

Wm. THOMPSON, for JAMES WEEDEN.

IT is not often that the people of Louisville are pulled into seeing such a prize fight as was seen at the opera house when it was announced Wm. Maudslow and Duncan C. Ross were to wrestle Graeco-Roman for \$200 a side. The house was a little over half full, with the galleries crowded with a howl.

Many of the men were not sure it was worth while to go to the place as they were not sure of the result. The solid Maudslow would treat them as he did before—left to Maudslow. He evidently had everything fixed to suit him however, as he showed up at the proper time.

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rules under which the match was to have been wrestled and which Maudslow treated in his scornful manner. When the rules were read Maudslow showed the white feather by trying to sneak out of wrestling under the rules agreed upon to some other. Ross claimed that he had agreed to wrestle under the POLICE GAZETTE rules and Maudslow, who was a professional wrestler, had no short speech to the audience in which he said that the POLICE GAZETTE was not recognized by respectable sporting men and the man who wrote the rules did not know as much about wrestling as a child. Ross foolishly agreed to wrestle Maudslow according to any rules Maudslow might choose. Maudslow was to be wrestled by rules framed out the "hippodrome" business. The result was that he had everything—cut and dried and won the match by him. Maudslow may not think the POLICE GAZETTE a respectable paper but he was bounding around on the pedestal of his own conceits.

ROSS was eager to have his picture and record published. Besides Maudslow forgets that when he wanted to go into the saloon business he only had \$20 that he was glad to call on Richard K. Fox for help.

ROSS, who received and only part of which money has been repaid. THE POLICE GAZETTE rules of Graeco-Roman wrestling were framed by a party who knows just as much about wrestling as Maudslow knows about hippodrome. In a few weeks the Graeco-Roman championship will be contested between Edwin Bibby, of Providence, R. I., has entered and will wrestle according to POLICE GAZETTE rules. If Maudslow wants to compete for the trophy he will have to wrestle by the rules governing the trophy. The championship Maudslow could belong to Clarence Whistler or Edwin Bibby, for either would defeat Maudslow if a contest was arranged and it was in the programme to have it decided strictly on its merits.

WE do not believe that Maudslow with one exception ever wrestled under the POLICE GAZETTE rules. He was the last man in the world to criticize the rules of a game when he is continually violating them himself.

ON the afternoon of the 8th inst., Harry Hill's theatre was packed with sporting men, bankers, brokers, merchants and the upper ten of the sporting world to witness the second contest for the POLICE GAZETTE trophy for the heavy-weight championship of America. The trophy was recently completed for and won by Morris Grant, the heavy-weight colored champion of New York.

Several noted colored heavy-weights entered to compete against Morris Grant. The trophy was won by a misunderstanding only Prof. Charles Hadley, of Bridgeport, Conn., one of the leading boxers of the colored division, and Morris Grant competed.

THE conditions governing the trophy are that it shall belong to the winner of the trophy for three times, and that the winner shall deposit \$100 with the donor of the medal to guarantee its safe return when it is to be completed for.

AT 5 o'clock P. M., on the 8th inst., Hadley entered the ring greeted on the stage and was loudly cheered by a crowd of sporting men who had come all the way from Bridgeport and New Haven, Conn., to see that their champion received fair play. A few minutes later Morris Grant appeared, and loud cheers greeted the tall, dark, powerful man who entered the arena.

Harry Hill was selected referee and Prof. Frank Whittaker, the champion talker, then introduced the rival champions, at the same time stating that the pugilists would box four rounds according to the Marquis of Queensbury rules.

AS soon as the words were called Hadley left, planting his left heavily on Grant's jaw, the latter countering powerfully. Then it was ding dong all over the ring. Grant tried hard to stem the tide of blows that the Bridgeport pugilist was raining down on him. For three minutes the pugilists fought hard. Hadley was decidedly the better of the round. After resting a minute the rival pugilists again faced the music. Grant, who is taller and heavier than Hadley, looked determined, and it was expected that would turn the tables in this round, as his friends loudly urged him to do. Both pugilists banged away at each other, and the crowd, overcome with excitement, yelled like fiends. The Bridgeport man at last delivered three or four telling sledgehammer blows on Grant's body, which he closed. The widest excitement then prevailed, and the men had all he could do to separate the men, the New Yorker being, by this time, furious and inclined to fight on the rough-and-tumble principle. Finally the pugilists were separated and again they went at it.

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THE LAST AND MOST FURIOUS FIGHT OF JESSE JAMES AND THE YOUNGER BROTHERS, BROUGHT TO BAY AT ONE OF THEIR MISSOURI FOREST HAUNTS BY A STRONG FORCE OF SHERIFF'S OFFICERS.

A JILTED DREG'S REVENGE.

THE NATIONAL
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